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THE MEDLEY

Danville
High School
Annual

Volume 18

Published Each Year by the

SENIOR CLASS

TO

J. AARON SMITH

our class advisor, we, the class of nineteen twenty-one, respectfully dedicate this number of the Medley

FOREWORD

Granted your attention for a few brief moments, we of the class of 1921 wish to offer this Eighteenth Volume of the D. H. S. Annual. We do this without apology or undue confidence for we have done our best, yet realize how far that has fallen short of our ideals and your expectations.

Your careful judgment and just criticism shall decree whether this book is worthy of inspiring future editors.

THE MEDLEY STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOHN PUGH

ASSISTANT EDITOR
ALFRED LECONTE

BUSINESS MANAGER
CORWIN GELWICK

ASS'T. BUSINESS MANAGER
TOM DALE

ATHLETIC EDITOR
ADDISON DALE

ASS'T. ATHLETIC EDITOR
MACK RAIMER

LITERARY EDITOR
CATHERINE HECHT

CALENDAR
HELEN RIES

ASS'T. CALENDAR
HELEN DALLAS

JOKE EDITOR
ROBERT JOHNSON

ASS'T. JOKE EDITOR
HANNAH HESLIP

ART STAFF
STEWART ROUSE
PERCY SMITH
LOWELL KERBY

A. DALE

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M. RAIMER

R. JOHNSON

H. RIES

J. PUGH

C. HECHT

H. HESLIP

C. GELWECK

H. DALLAS

P. SMITH

L. KERBY

T. DALE

S ROUSE

G. P. RANDLE
Supt. City Schools

ALTHOUGH his position is the highest in city school government, in comparison with the man it submerges into a mere nothing. Infinitely better do we know him as true friend, as a man with a live, throbbing, American heart.

Progressive, conscientious, devoted to duty, we are proud of him and his remarkable accomplishments. We are proud to have known him these years, and time alone can tell what a mighty factor he has been in our lives.

C. E. VANCE
Asst. Supt. City Schools

MR. C. E. VANCE is a new man in a newly created position. We welcome him and wish him success in the work that he has undertaken. He brings with him boundless energy, a strong mind and an admirable character. He is a man who has advanced through sheer force and hard labor. Holding great responsibility, and a comparatively young man, he is already assured of a bright future.

DANVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

FOR years the old building has been known to Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors as the "Hall of Fame." We feel that if Fame is judged by age, then assuredly it deserves the name so kindly given it. With additional burdens heaped upon it year by year, the old building stood the test until September, 1920. Then, alas, poor old thing, it had to suffer an Annex. Though names innumerable have been heaped upon it, the little shed has done its share in helping the old Hall accommodate the increasing number of students.

Here's to the hope for a new school!

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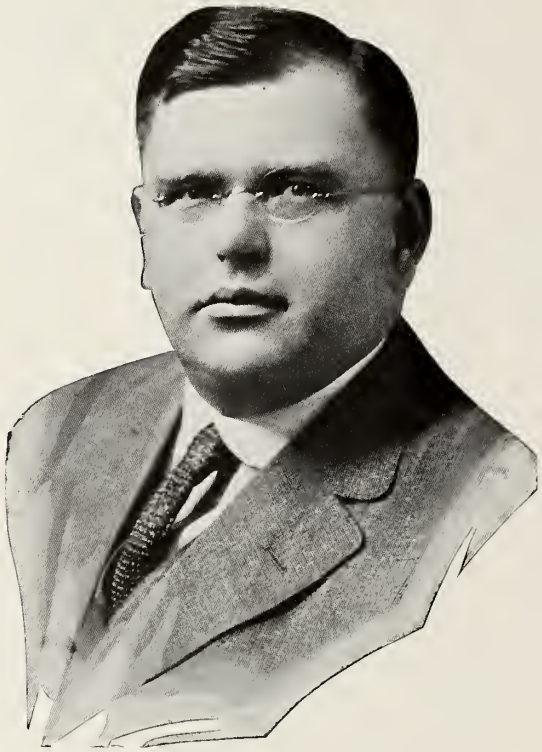
Faculty



W. C. BAER, A. B., Principal

Wabash College
Lake Forrest University
Columbia University

THROUGH daily association, we have come to know our principal and to appreciate and admire his ability as an executive. He is loyally interested in the welfare of every student and has been a source of inspiration to every one of us. We admire his strong character and love his personality. Unflinchingly democratic, he has at all times insisted on a square deal and has been faithful throughout.

FACULTY

MINNIE RUTH McCLURE, A. B.

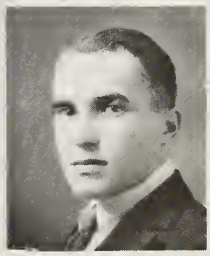
Instructor in French

Hedding College
University of Illinois

WILLIAM B. BARTON, A. B.

Instructor in English

Northwestern University
University of Chicago



RUTH A. FOLEY, A. B.

Instructor in Mathematics

Northwestern University

JOHN AARON SMITH, B. Ed.

Instructor in Physics and Chemistry

Illinois State Normal
University of Illinois

RUBY BAXTER, A. B.

Instructor in Mathematics

Illinois Women's College

FACULTY

Gertrude Payne

GERTRUDE PAYNE, Ph. B.

Instructor in Mathematics

University of Chicago

Clara L. Ruder

CLARA L. RUDER, A. B.

Instructor in Commercial Arithmetic

Milwaukee-Downer College
University of Wisconsin

Effie Sutton

EFFIE SUTTON, A. B., B. E.

Instructor in Latin

Illinois Wesleyan University
Illinois State Normal University

Eva Thies

EVA THIES

Instructor in Typewriting and Shorthand

Illinois State Normal University

Golda Dean Roach

GOLDA DEAN ROACH, A. B.

Instructor in Latin

Western College

FACULTY

JESSIE TABER, A. B.

Instructor in English

Western College for women
University of Southern California
University of Wisconsin

Jessie Taber

RUTH T. SMOTHERS, A. B.

Instructor in English

Northwestern University

Ruth T. Smothers

FANNAH A. FULLER, A. B.

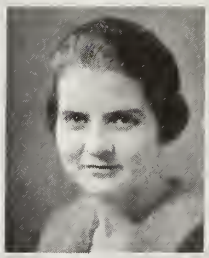
Instructor in Latin

University of Wisconsin

BERYL F. LOVE, A. M.

Instructor in Physics

University of Illinois



WILMA GOEHNER, A. B.

Instructor in English

Indiana University

FACULTY

LOTTIE B. COOK, A. B.

Instructor in English

Millikin University

ALVIN R. ROGGY, A. B.

Instructor in Commercial Subjects

University of Michigan
University of North Dakota

LURA J. WITHERSPOON, A. B.

Instructor in History

McKendree College
University of Illinois

JAMES H. HAWKINS

Instructor in Mechanical Drawing

Central Normal College
Indiana University
Bradley

STELLA BRADBURY, Ph. B.

Instructor in History

University of Chicago

FACULTY

BERTHA M. HARPER, B. S.

Instructor in Domestic Science

University of Illinois

JOHN E. WAKELY, A. B.

Assistant Principal

Instructor in English

Wabash College
University of Illinois

FREDA F. SIDELL, A. B.

Instructor in English

Northwestern University

G. W. PATRICK, Ph. B.

Instructor in History

University of Chicago
Illinois State Normal

HARRIET E. HARRIS, A. B.

Instructor in Biology

Lake Forest College
Woods Hole Biological Laboratory

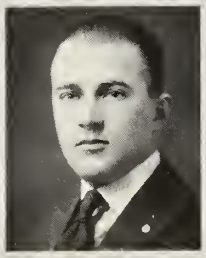
FACULTY

Ruth Miller

RUTH MILLER, A. B.

Instructor in History and Biology

DePauw University
Leland Stanford University



Harold R. Peery

HAROLD R. PEERY, A. B.

Instructor in Physics
Athletic Coach

Midland College, Kansas
University of Illinois

Ruth Sanderson

RUTH SANDESON, Ph. B.

Instructor in History

University of Chicago
Columbia Universtiy

Edw H. Rayl

EDWARD H. RAYL

Instructor in Bookkeeping and Commercial Law and Geography

Illinois State Normal University

Edna F. Sullivan

EDNA F. SULLIVAN, A. B.

Instructor in Domestic Science

University of Illinois

FACULTY

MARGUERITE GRASSLEY, A. B.

Instructor in Latin

Knox College
University of Chicago

GUY M. RUNNINGER, B. S.

Instructor in Mathematics

Allegheny College

JOHN RUSSEL DEAN, A. B.

Instructor in Mathematics

Illinois College
University of Illinois

HENRY H. MELTSNER, A. B.

Instructor in Commercial Subjects

New York City College
Columbia University

MARY D. HAWKINS, A. M.

Instructor in Mathematics

University of Chicago

THE MEDLEY-1921

THE BACHELORS

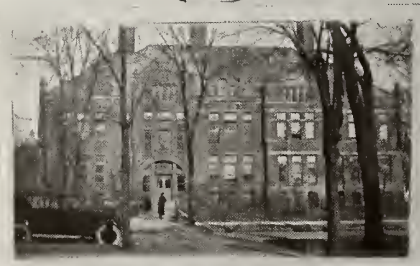
"KATE"

MISS SIDELL

MARY

WHO'S WHO?

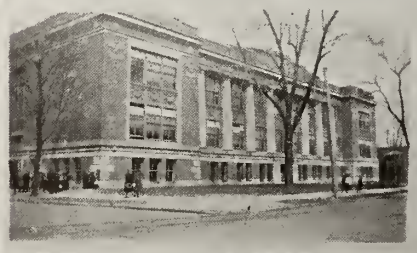
"PEG" H.H. D.B.



DHS. WITHOUT THE ANNEX

AT "DEWEY"

"WALT"



OUR NEIGHBOR

"BILL" CHRISTY

H. H. D.B.

THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

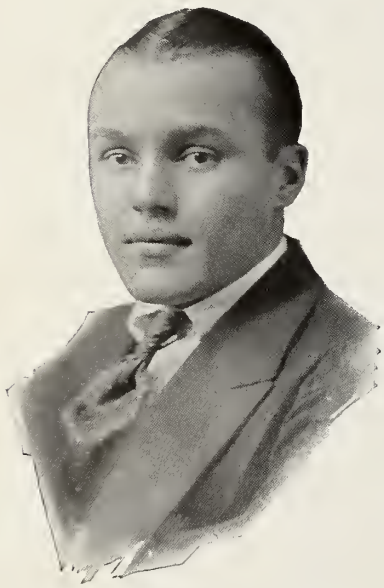
3 ON 1

CLASSES

Senior Class History

HISTORY is the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and the instructor of the present, and the monitor of the future.

With this fact in mind, the history of the Class of 1921 shall be recorded.



It seems but a short time ago that we entered the portals of D. H. S. with our courage far below par and our future dimmed by vague apprehensions and fears. As time went on, we overcame our fears and the awe imposed upon us, because—

Behold! We were the Sophomores!

Ours was the duty for setting the example for the incoming Freshmen class.

Forthwith we elected class officers. Our names were emblazoned on the honor roll; we debated as Wranglers; we acted as Athedarians; we aided the girl as a member of the Girls' Student Club; we displayed our musical talents in the Glee Club, orchestra and band; we showed our ability as athletes on the gridiron, on the basketball floor and in the field meet.

Nor did these activities cease with our Sophomore year; but during our Junior and Senior years we continued them, remembering that practice makes perfect.

But now, as Seniors with graduation at hand, we have come to the parting of the ways. Each will go his way—some to college, others into the business of the world.

But let it hereby be recorded, the Class of 1921 will strive upward and onward; will follow the highest ideals and will be loyal to D. H. S.

M. Florance Phillips,
Class Historian.

SENIORS

CATHERINE HECHT

General Course

Athedarians; Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Social Committee, 4; Medley Staff, 4.

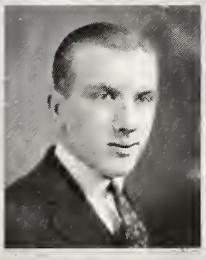
Pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pretty to think on.

FRED ROBINSON

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 4; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.

If you call him "Freddie" the fur will fly.
Now Freddie!



HAZEL DAWN RICKERD

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

he Took a "JUMP" and his name was St. Clair.

GENE FREEMAN

General Course

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 2, 3; Athedarians, 3, 4; President, 4; "D" Association, 4; B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Freeman shall stand no more"—as a tower of strength upon our Athletic fields.

MADELINE RITA HAHN

General Course

Athedarians, 1; Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Program Committee, 4; Chairman of Doll Committee, 4; Wranglers, 3, 4; Secretary, 4; Chairman Membership Committee, 4.

Has one great asset, the highest of all virtues,
Common sense.

SENIORS

Lucile Esslinger "Bill"

LUCILE ESSLINGER

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Publicity Committee, 4; Science Club, 3; Operetta, 2; Basketball, 2.

Hello "BILL," greetings to our well liked Twin.

Lorene Esslinger "Pat Jack"

LORENE ESSLINGER

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cabinet, 3; Chairman Social Service Committee, 4; Operetta, 3; Science Club, 3, 4; Basketball, 2.

You never know whether this is the one or the other one.

Alfred L. Conte

ALFRED LeCONTE

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Wranglers, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; County Oration, 2; D. U. Debate, 3; Assistant Editor Medley, 4.

Yea he has knowledge;
Let others light their candles by it.

Othel Stewart "Pete"

OTHEL STEWART

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Give me a spark o' nature's fire.

Mary Sibat

MARY SEBAT

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4; Athedarians, 4; Minstrel Show, 1.

"She bats" "A High average" with the girls.

SENIORS

LENA REED

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 3, 4.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

GEORGE SYMONS

General Course

B. A. A., 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 3, 4; Chairman Pin Committee, 3; Maroon and White Staff, 3, 4; Assistant Business Manager, 3; Business Manager, 4.

Three things doth shine, the sun, the moon and my hair.

VEDA MORRISON

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show, 3.

A blither did never love nor sorrow tame.

JOHN PUGH

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Wranglers, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 3; D. U. Debate, 3, 4; Editor Medley, 4.

One who to himself is true, and therefore will be true to you.

MARGARET SEWARD

Commercial Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer, 4.

One who toils in silence.

SENIORS

Helen Irene Buchele

HELEN IRENE BUCHELE

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Wranglers, 4; Science Club, 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, 4.

She is not a flower, she is not a pearl,
But she is a noble all 'round girl.

Tom M Dale

TOM DALE

General Course

Boys' Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Business Manager Maroon and White, 4; Assistant Business Manager Medley, 4.

He vows a Chemist he will be.

M. Florance Phillips

M. FLORANCE PHILLIPS

General Course

Girls' Student Club, 2, 3, 4; Wranglers Club, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Social Committee, 3; Athedarians, 3; Class Historian, 4; Assistant Literary Editor Maroon and White, 4.

A rare combination of goodness and beauty.

Helen

HELEN V. DALLAS

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Social Committee, 2; Assistant Calendar Editor Medley Staff, 4.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

Victoria Witherspoon

VICTORIA WITHERSPOON

General Course

Girls' Club, 4; Athedarians, 4; Science Club, 4.

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep.

SENIORS

VIRGINIA ALICE SHEETS

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; Cabinet, 4; Athedarians, 3, 4; Vice-President, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 2; Maroon and White Staff, 3; Secretary, 4.

Tell me not that to-morrow will be fair, let me taste of pleasures to-day.

Virginia Alice Sheets

ARTHUR L. LEISCH

Commercial Course

Here is something strange, he comes to school to study and to learn.

Arthur L Leisch

ESTHER ANKER

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought.

KENNETH EAGLETON FOSTER

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 1, 2, 3, 4; Maroon and White Staff, 4; Jazz Orchestra, 4.

He once vowed that he would break every girl's heart in school.

Kenneth Eagleton Foster

HELEN RIES

General Course

Class Treasurer, 2; Calendar Editor 4; Athedarians, 3, 4.

Self poised, yet of the simplest ways.

SENIORS

Marguerite Williams

MARGUERITE WILLIAMS

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Softly she entered and unknown she departs.

H. Stewart Rouse

H. STEWART ROUSE

General Course

Art Staff Maroon and White, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Art Staff Medley, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Wranglers, 1, 2, 3; Class President, 1; Rifle Club, 1, 2.

He plugged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

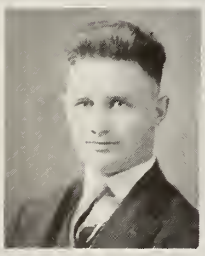
Lucille Ryan

LUCILLE RYAN

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 3, 4.

Dwelling in Love's sweet presence.



J. Nelson Wickert

J. NELSON WICKERT

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2; Wranglers, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 4.

None but himself can be his parallel.

Alice Maud Staple

ALICE MAUD STAPLE

Commercial Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Goodness prevails when beauty fails.

SENIORS

FLORENCE PEARSON

General Course

Girls' Club, 3, 4; Cabinet, 4.

Bearing eternal sunshine in her soul.

Florence Pearson

EARL DEBENHAM

General Course

B. A. A., 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 3, 4.

Surely he hath a graceful, gainly gait.

Earl Debenham

MARTHA ANNE WILSON

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show, 1; Athedarians, 3, 4; Chairman Membership Committee, 4; Literary Editor Maroon and White, 4.

With lips demure as any saint,
And not a sign of rouge or paint.

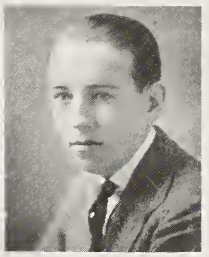
Martha Anne Wilson

ROBERT LEONARD

General Course

B. A. A., 1 ,2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Assistant Editor Maroon and White, 4; Athedarians, 1.

He's a jolly good fellow and liked by all.



Bob Leonard

MARIAN LEE

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Wranglers, 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club, 2; Athedarians, 4; Minstrel Show, 2; Operetta, 2.

Blushes may come and blushes may go, but freckles go on forever.

Marian Lee "Rod"

SENIORS

Gladys Naydean Hackney

GLADYS NAYDEAN HACKNEY

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President, 4; Minstrel Show, 3; Operetta, 2; Girls' Glee Club, 3; Wranglers, 3, 4; Chairman Social Committee, 4.

We will remember her as being extremely lovely.

Ferris L. Osborn

FERRIS L. OSBORN

General Course

Class Baseball, 3, 4; Orchestra, 3; Band, 4.

Why hurry? There will be time after I am dead.

Madge E. Foote

MADGE E. FOOTE

General Course

Girls' Club, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 3, 4.

A great soul clothed in modest garb.

FLETCHER B. COLEMAN

General Course

B. A. A., 2, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; Wranglers, 2; Boys' Glee Club, 3.

I, to myself am dearer than a friend.

Zola A. Hilleary

ZOLA A. HILLEARY

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 3, 4.

I have no other but a woman's reason.

SENIORS

MARY ELIZABETH JENKINS

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4; Minstrel Show, 3; Chairman Invitation Committee, 4.

Heir apparent to the throne of courtesy.

Mary Elizabeth Jenkins

TED GILLILAND

General Course

Science Club, 4.

A friend of many and foe of none.

Ted Gilliland

HELEN BELTON

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

In Vanity Fair the streets are crowded.

Helen Belton

PERCY SMITH

General Course

B. A. A., 2, 3, 4; "D" Association, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Medley Art Staff, 4 Maroon and White Art Staff, 4.

Man of action not words.

Percy Smith

VIDA DYE

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Made of fire and dew.

Vida Dye

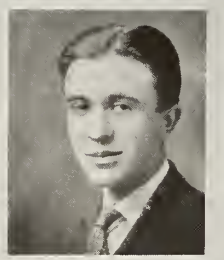
SENIORS

EVELYN M. KIMMEL

General Course

Wranglers, 1; Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

She seems to be nice and quiet, but you can never tell.



FRANCIS L. WELLENREITER

General Course

Perrysville H. S., 1; B. A. A., 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 2, 3; Science Club, 2.

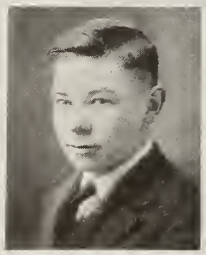
He may have wit but he is shy in using it.

MADGE M. BOON

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

A pretty girl with a winning way.



GENE DARNALL

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 1, 3, 4; Class Historian, 2, 3; Cheer Leader, 4.

He is mighty small but he can make a lot of noise as cheer leader.

G. RUTH GARINGER

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4;

Not stepping over the bounds of modesty.

SENIORS

NEVA GISH

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 1, 2, 3 4; Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3 4; Spring Play, 2; Minstrel Show, 1; Girls' Cabinet, 3, 4.

She comes; she sees; she overcomes.

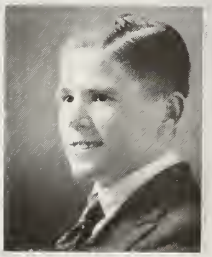
Neva Gish

CALVIN LAUER

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Vice-President, 2; Wranglers, 1; Athedarians, 1, 2.

A tiny bit of study mixed with a lot of fun.



Calvin Lauer "Abe"

CHRISTINE BAILEY

Commercial Course

Milford Township H. S., 1, 2.

I never mind trifles; care killed a cat once.

Christine Bailey Chris

JOHN KIERAN

General Course

With high vaulting ambition.

John Kieran

ELIZABETH WERNER

Commercial Course

Secretary Class, 2; Class Treasurer, 3; Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

He that loves rosy cheeks loves you.

Liz

SENIORS

SARAH LOU DAGUE

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 1, 2, 3, 4; Financial Committee, 2; Minstrel Show, 1; Glee Club, 1, 4; Vice-President, 3; Maroon and White Staff, 4.

Small, smart, neat,
And guaranteed sweet.

Irene E. Servies

IRENE SERVIES

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Financial Committee, 3; Minstrel Show, 3; Athedarians, 3, 4.

Sweet as May
And always gay.

Ruth Popejoy

RUTH POPEJOY

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Apart from the world in an atmosphere of her own creation.

Sam J. Kiningham

SAM J. KININGHAM

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4.

Judge a man by his questions rather than his answers.

Gertrude E. Karnes

GERTRUDE E. KARNES

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 4.

Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.

SENIORS

MARGARET ELLIOTT

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 3; Athedarians, 4.

Laughing eyes and heart of gold.

JESSE BEAVER

General Course

B. A. A., 3, 4; Football, 4.

The old story of the rough-hewed country lad who made good.

FLORENCE BRANDENBERGER

Commercial Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 3, 4; Wranglers, 3, 4.

Vessels large may venture far, but little boats stay near the shore.

JAMES D. DOVE

General Course

B. A. A., 2, 3, 4; Wranglers, 3; Band, 4.

His name signifies *Peace.*

GRACE SIX

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Wranglers, 1.

We would rate her higher than "*Six,*" for there is not one like her in a million.

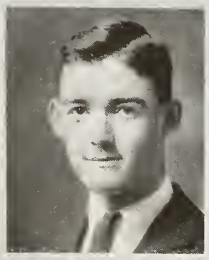
SENIORS

MADELINE ANKER

Commercial Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Not a word spoke she more than was need.



ALVA K. NELSON

General Course

Give him credit, for he is a self-made man.

MAXINE ELLIOTT

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 3, 4;

A fine form and a noble face.

ST. CLAIR JUMP

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 3; Boys' Glee Club, 3.

Exceeding the speed limit with the ladies.

VERNENIAH JOHNSTON

General Course

Girls' Club, 2, 3, 4.

Her smile, her speech, her winning way.

SENIORS

M. MARIE SMITH

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity.

M. Marie Smith

GEORGE MORRIS

General Course

Men of few words are the best of men.

George E. Morris

EMMA WILLIAMSON

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 1, 2; Secretary, 3; Chairman Social Committee, 3; Girls' Glee Club, 1; Minstrel Show, 3.

Give me my way and I will be happy.

Emma Williamson "Em"

ROBERT JOHNSON

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4; Joke Editor Medley, 4.

Bob's a funny fellow; he's our Joke Editor.

Robert L. Johnson

ELIZABETH BEYER

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2.

Her name is "*Beyer*," but she is too precious to sell.

Elizabeth Beyer

SENIORS

T. Garnet Hart

T. GARNET HART

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

A true "*Hart*," we hope you will always be.

Addison Dale

ADDISON DALE

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis Team, 3; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Editor Medley, 4.

Baseball and tennis are his hobbies.

Hannah E. Heslip

HANNAH HESLIP

General Course

Mt. Vernon High School, 1; Girls' Club, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; Minstrel Show, 3; Girls' Glee Club, 1; Girls' Club Cabinet, 3, 4; Basketball, 1; Assistant Joke Editor, 4.

Those bewitching, bewildering eyes!

Wilbur Dice

WILBUR DICE

General Course

Kirkwood High School, 1, 2; B. A. A., 3, 4; Business Manager, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4.

Here's to "Dice"—better known as "Galloping Dominoes."

Mae Hopkins

MAE HOPKINS

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

With eyes so limpid and so meek.

SENIORS

LOUIZE CHAPMAN

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; President, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2; Athedarians, 4; Joke Editor Maroon and White, 4.

When Duty and Pleasure clash, let Duty go to smash.

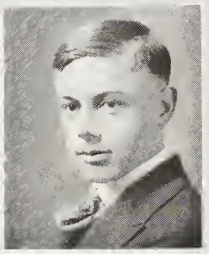
Louize Chapman

DON CASTLE

General Course

Athletic Association, 4; Science Club, 3, 4; Vice-President, 4.

Expects to get by in life on his good looks.



Don L. Castle

FRANCES YOUNG

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 3.

Smile and the world smiles with you.

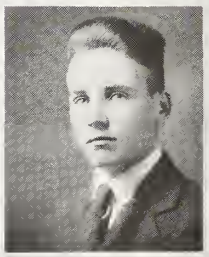
Frances Young

LEON AGAN

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3; Glee Club, 3; Science Club, 4; Orchestra, 4.

He is mild—but yet he satisfies.



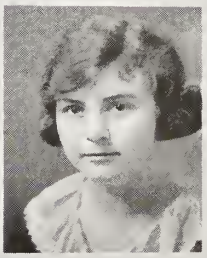
Leon Agan

ANNE FUNK

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cabinet, 3, 4; Social Committee, 4; Minstrel Show, 1, 2; Girls' Glee Club, 2, 3; Maroon and White Staff, 3; Athedarians, 4; Chairman Membership Committee.

A form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind.



Anne Funk

SENIORS

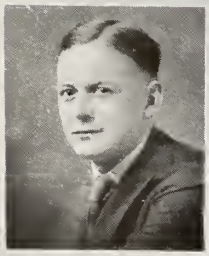
Beulah Radebaugh

BEULAH RADEBAUGH

Commercial Course

Declamation, 3; Girls' Club, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Athedarians, 3; Science Club, 4.

One who won through perseverance.



Harlan W. Shields

HARLAN SHIELDS

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; "D" Association, 4; Class Baseball, 3; Track, 3; Football, 3, 4.

A prince there was—here is a prince.

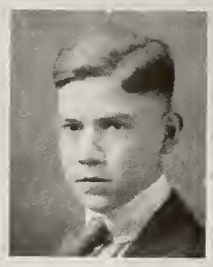
Louise E. Sadler

LOUISE E. SADLER

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; Minstrel Show, 3; Athedarians, 3; Science Club, 3, 4.

At sight of thee, my gloomy soul cheers up.



Kenneth Huffman

KENNETH HUFFMAN

General Course

Science Club, 3, 4; President, 4; Orchestra, 1; Wranglers, 4; Treasurer, 4.

My voice to me a kingdom is.

Gladys B. Blair

GLADYS B. BLAIR

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

It is better to be brief than tedious.

SENIORS

EARL NEFF

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 2; Basketball, 3.

He who talks much must talk in vain.

Earl Neff

SIMONE STASSIT

General Course

Girls' Club; Girls' Glee Club.

What's in a name when there is real worth behind it!

Simone Stassit

ARDEN TILLOTSEN

General Course

Kouts High School, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Track, 3, 4.

He is careless, happy and free.

Arden Tillotsen

HARRIET PERKINS

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

You can put your trust in her.

MACK RAIMER

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Social Committee, 2, 3; Athedarians, 3, 4; "D" Association; Football, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 3, 4; Maroon and White Staff, 4; Medley Staff, 4; Class President, 4.

"Great men die young." I am not feeling well myself.

Mack Raimer

SENIORS

HELEN CONNOR

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

I would rather be good than great.

JOHN S. FENDLEY

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Athedarians, 4; Class Vice-President, 4; Maroon and White Staff, 3, 4; Assistant Editor, 3; Editor, 4; Boys' Glee Club, 3.

Our sympathies, Mr. Editor!

MARY HELEN TENGEN

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

She's all that my fancy painted her.

FLOYD L. THOMPSON

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 1, 2; Track, 3, 4; Assistant Business Manager Maroon and White, 4.

He plays with spunk and speed,
And scores in time of need.

RUTH DE LAY

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Life to her is a serious matter.

SENIORS

MARY E. CRONKHITE

General Course

Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 3, 4.

"Mary" is her name, and "Merry" may she always be!

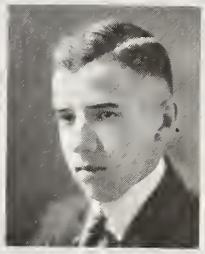
Mary E. Cronkhite

CORWIN W. GELWICK

General Course

B. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Wranglers, 3, 4; Tennis, 3, 4; D. U. Debate, 4; Business Manager Medley, 4.

Isn't he a sweet child? His dad is a salesman, and taught him to sell ads.



Corwin W. Gelwick

EDITH MAY WHITFIELD

General Course

Athedarians, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Edith May"—let's hope she does.

Edith May Whitfield

HARLAN FISSEL

General Course

B. A. A., 2, 3, 4.

Praised be the man who does one thing, and that thing well!

Harlan Fissel

PAULINE THOMPSON

General Course

West Lafayette High School, 1, 2; Girls' Club, 3, 4.

A mild, shy girl with a will to work.

Pauline Thompson

SENIORS

HELEN CANTREL

General Course

We're for you, Helen!

Shadows

Mr. Roggy ---------- Al LeConte
Mr. Barton, ---------- John Pugh
Mr. Runninger ---------- Tim Clawson
Miss Fuller ---------- Gladys Hackney
Miss Love ---------- Ruth Heslip
Miss Payne ---------- Esslinger Twins
Miss Smothers ---------- Cloris Cuppy
Miss Thies ---------- Maxine Elliott
Mr. Wakeley ---------- Wilbur Dice
Mr. Smith ---------- Kenneth Huffman
Miss Grassley ---------- Leon Friedman
Miss Sidell ---------- Marian Lee
Mr. Patrick ---------- Willett Bushong
Miss Barton ---------- Elizabeth Huber
Miss Sandeson ---------- Corwin Gelwick
Mr. Dean ---------- Charles Baum
Miss Sutton ---------- Bill McDonald
Miss Baxter ---------- Frank Barco
Miss Roach ---------- John Leverenz
Miss McClure ---------- Hannah Heslip
Miss Bradbury ---------- Max Silverman
Miss Ruder ---------- Anna Corrine Tengen
Miss Taber ---------- "Zicky" Freeman
Miss Hawkins ---------- Peg Bishop
Miss Foley ---------- John Hepburn
Miss Goehner ---------- Maudie Tevebaugh
Miss Markman ---------- Ralph Cundiff
Miss Witherspoon ---------- Roy Kinnamon
Miss Harper ---------- Mary Sebat
Miss Sullivan ---------- Mary Waite
Miss Harris ---------- Margaret Seward
Mr. Meltzner ---------- Louize Chapman
Miss Lesch ---------- Everybody
Mr. Rayl ---------- Lemuel Wyman
Mr. Baer ---------- Mr. John E. Wakeley
Mr. Anderson ---------- Phil Emiley

Madison Geddes | Eleanor Olmsted | G. W. Patrick | Gertrude Hoctor | Charles Buchele

Junior Class History

IN the fall of 1918 a goodly group of students entered our ancient "Halls of Fame." They were noted in many respects: large in number, good athletes and good students. But even as they passed quickly through the Freshmen year, let us pass on. During their Sophomore year they gained honor and fame in all the activities of the school.

Justly are they proud of their record, for few classes ever achieved in four years what the Junior class has in three. Next year they are Seniors, and we expect great things of the Class of 1922. With their ability, energy and experience, they will not fail.

—Madison Geddes.

Junior Class Roll

Ahrens, Helen
Allison, Mildred
Anker, Rhea
Albert, Dale
Anderson, Alexander
Anderson Ralph
Atherton, Harold
Barker, Elizabeth
Bath, Ruth
Blair, Florence
Boyer, Mary Kathryn
Brandenberger, Mildred
Brewington, Maymie
Brown, Ices
Bunting, Sarah
Burgess, Cecil
Blair, Henry
Brown, Chas.
Buchele, Chas.
Burns, Patrick
Bushong, Willitt
Carlson, Anna
Clark, Lucinda
Clay, Mildred
Coffey, Margaret
Cole Barbara
Collings, Geraldine
Comrie, La Verne
Crawford, Marie
Crayton, Lois
Cundiff, Ruth
Carson, Howard
Chamberlin, Chester
Christy, William
Clapp, Frank
Clark, Darrell
Cook, Cash
Cooke, Russell
Couden, Trevert
Crawley, David
Crone, Clarke
Cummins, Paul
Dale, Frances
Darnall, Sarah
Davis, Katie
Dobbs, Truie
Du Bois, Laura
Ehlers, Florence
Elledge, Jennie Mae
Epstein, Gertrude
Emley, Philip
Falk, Helen
Fleming, Marjorie
Frazier, Mary
Fritz, Erna
Fenwick, Myron
Firebaugh, Edward
Fowler, Fred
Freimeyer, Carl
Garrett, Bernice
Gildersleeve, Eva
Goodwin, Almeda
Grant, Dorothy
Geddes, Madison
Gogerty, Robert
Goodner, Lester
Hackney Frances
Hall, Margaret
Hamilton, Blanche
Henery, Helen
High, Lois
Hoctor, Gertrude
Hodges, Mildred
Huber, Elizabeth
Hall, Melvin
Hannum, Robert
Harris, Cliff
Hawes, John
Hepburn, Martin
Hepler, Gordon
Hudson, Theodore
Jackson, Violette
Johnson, Helen
Irwin, George
Jones, Benton
Jump, Herbert
Kellogg, Hazel
Kemper, Mildred
Kieran, Genevieve
Kitchen, Mary
Knox, Frances
Krauel, Mabel
Kenlay, Floyd
Kerby, Lowell
King, Karl
Knowles, Lloyd
Lauer, Marie
Leach, Marian
Leverenz, Florence
Le Warn, Jennie
Learnard, Ralph
Linne, Leroy
Long, Edward
Logan, Marie
Lynch, Mae
Luke, Theodore
Luke, William
McDonald, Julia
Martin, Della
Martin, Mary Margaret
Matthews, Madeline
Mielke, Hazel
Miller, Helen
Morris, Lucile
Murray, Flora
Murray, Martha
Morrissey, John
Mourer, Dean
Myers, Walter
Newman, Harold
Noren, Anna
Oelschlager, Paul
O'Connell, Irma
Olmsted, Eleanor
Osborn, Sarah
Pentecost, Elmer
Parrott, Mae
Phetteplace, Dorothy
Poggendorf, Emma
Potter, Rosalyn
Redenbaugh, Jean
Roy, Lawrence
Ruda, Edward
Reeves, Opal
Reynolds, Mabel
Ries, Catherine
Roberts Elizabeth
Romig, Marian
Ryan, Alice
Sandefer, Loren
Shepard, Carl
Shuneson, Herbert
Somers, John
Soneson, Philip
Spencer, Lewis
Starr, Ronlyn
Stephens, Robert
Sadler, Helen
Sanford, Frances
Sanford, Helen
Saxon, Helen
Scharlau, Elfa
Schilling, Pauline
Schroeder, Lucile
Schultz, Margaret
Silberberg, Rose
Schultz, Margaret
Schultz, Nina
Shields, Juanita
Sikes, Lois
Sinclair Dorothy
Sinkhorn, Fannie
Somers, Elizabeth
Soneson, Reta
Spangler, Thelma
Spinks, Beulah
Stassart, Simone
Stone, Bernice
Stuart, Helen
Stuebe, Blanche
Talbott, Roy
Tennery, Ruth
Thacker, Jeanette
Thode, Frieda
Thompson, Mary
Timm, Ercel
Tyler, Lucile
Van Kirk, Virgil
Walker, Helen
Walker, Ruby
Watson, Alice
Waymire, Naomi
Webb, Lela
Werner, Helen
Whelan, Mary
Whelan, Virginia
Wickert, Helen
Wilkinson, Dorothy
Young, Madeline
Watts, Vic
Weaver, Raymond
White, Wayne
Wilson, Clarence
Wilson, Kenneth
Woolsey, Carl
Woolsey, Jean
Wymer, Floyd

JEAN WOOLSEY MR. WAKELEY HERMAN MCCRAY
DOROTHY BREDEHOFT MEL. HALL

Sophomore Class History

SCARCELY two years have passed, and what a change in this group of students. In September, 1919, a class of "bashful boys' and "bobbed-haired girls" entered into these "Halls of Fame," and now the Class of '23—mighty Sophomores—are beaming forth already, and are looking forth to future honors.

The class is well represented in all lines of activities. Our socials were not very numerous, but they were of the very best success.

The officers of the class were elected this fall: President, Melvin Hall, Vice-President, Jean Woolsey; Secretary, William Thompson; Treasurer, Herman McCray; Chairman Social Committee, Dorothy Bredehoft.

DOROTHY BREDEHOFT.

Sophomore Class Roll

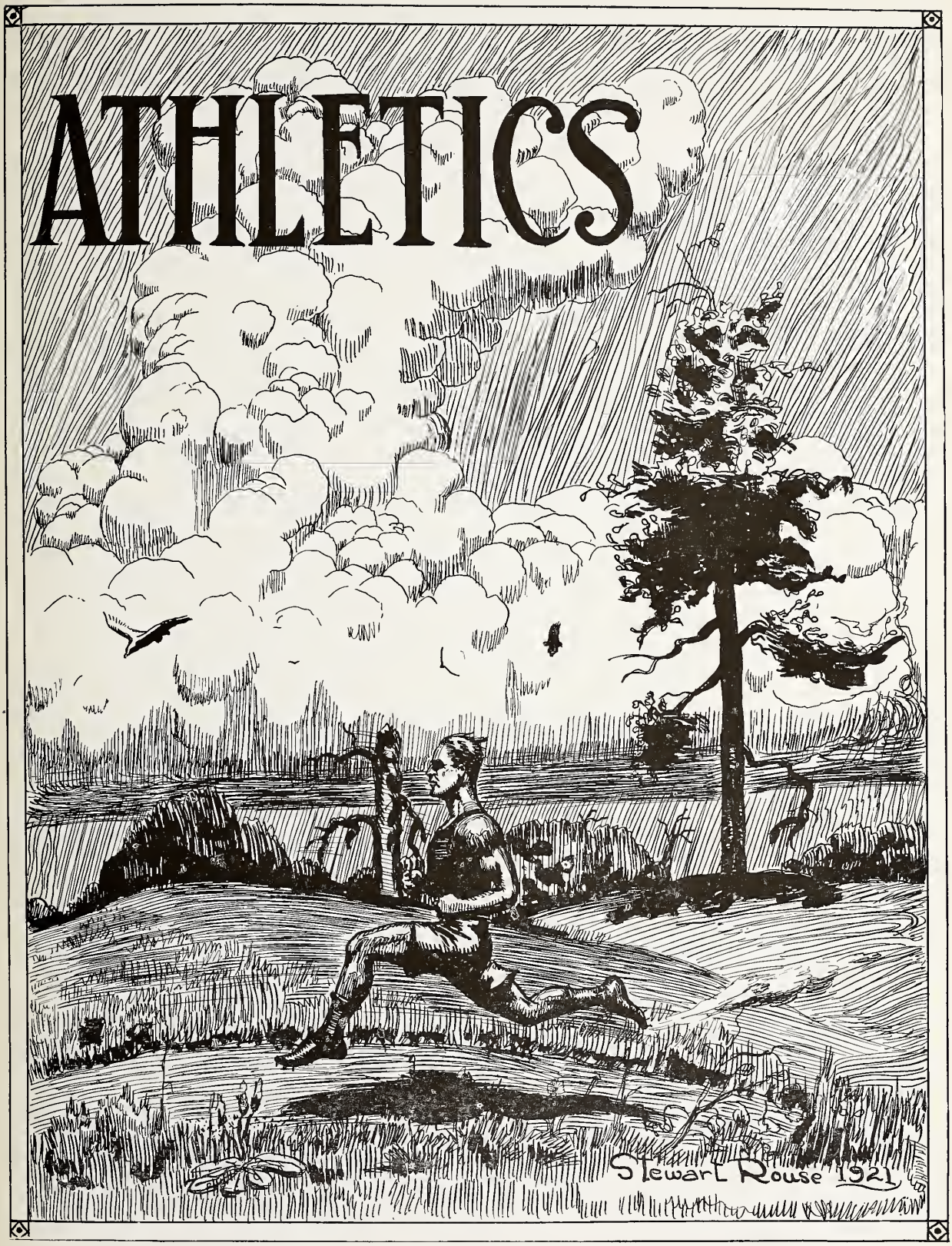
Alfieri, Inez
Allison, La Verne
Anderson, Marie Esther
Anker, Lillian
Agan, John
Baker, Linden
Bathey, Byers
Baum, Charles
Beane, Harry
Bedinger, Royse
Bennett, Charles
Black, Ralph
Blankenburg, Don
Blumberg, Kenneth
Bogan, Henry
Bonebrake, Ralph
Brazelton, Harold
Brewington, Ralph
Brown, Lowell
Bailey, Mary Jane
Balsley, Esther
Bath, Helen
Bell, Bertha
Benefield, Luwanda
Bennett, Elizabeth
Bishop, Alice
Blary, Catherine
Bouchard, Wilda
Brandow Helen
Bredehoft, Dorothy
Bremer, Marie
Brownstein, Thelma
Burton, Edna
Butcher, Mary Elizabeth
Byram, Dolores
Carson, Max
Carson, Robert
Claggett, Henry
Colberg, Harry
Connelly, John
Cox, Harold
Cox, William
Craig, Harold
Crawford, Marshal
Cundiff, Ralph
Cutler, Howard
Carrington, Marie
Carter, Elma
Clarkson, Margaret
Clifton, Leona
Collignon, Marie
Cork, Mildred
Coryell, Gladys
Cover, Musa
Craft, Helen
Craig, Thelma
Crowell, Celia
Crowell, Fern
Cuppy, Cloris
Dettman, Russell
Detweiler, Glenn
Dickerson, Gilbert
Dunning, Le Roy
Davis, Mildred
Day, Mary
Downey, Gertrude
Drees, Margaret
Ellett, Chester
Eve, Merrill
Emley, Anna
Endsley, Helen
Etchison, Jane
Fenton, Donald
Fox, George
Freeland, Ted
Freeman, Guy
French, Edwin
Friedman, Martha
Funk, John
Fleck, Bernice
Foster, Lima
Forshier, Helen
Frazier, Fern
French, Bessie
Freidman, Leon
Fulton, Edith
Garrison, Ruth
Gerrard, Lois
Gillis, Anne
Greene, Helen
Gettings, Lawrence
Graveley, Tom
Greenman, Murray
Hackman, Orin
Halls, Albert
Henry, Forrest
Houser, Victor
Huff, Ralph
Hagerman, Ruth
Hallenberger, Marie
Hannah, Ruth
Hannum, Mildred
Harvey, Madge
Hazelrod, Pearl
Higgins, Helen
Hollinsworth, Sibyl
Irwin, Helen
Jewell, Henry
Johnson, Archibald
Jackson, Pauline
Jamison, Disa
Jobson, Sara
Johnson, Juanita
Jump, Anna
Jupin, Atwell
Kaufman, Louise
Keerns, Manford
Keiser, Florence
Keerns, Manford
Kienast, Russell
Kelley, Letta
Keslar, Bernice
King, Mary
Koons, Gladys
Leamon, Charline
Larrance, Kenneth
Leverenz, William
Lewis, Edgar
Linne, Albert
Linne, Harold
LeNeve, Elizabeth
Lenover, Lena
Lowry, Pauline
Lynch, Esther
McConnell, Herbert
McCray, Harold
McCray, Herman
McDonald, Robert
McLeod, Donald
Miller, Edward
Miller, Philip
Morrissey, Joe
Murray, Urich
McCarty, Marian
McElwee, Ruby
McReynolds, Mary E.
Magruder, Marie
Makemson, Ruby
Mansfield, Ruth
Marsters, Rena
Massing, Ruth
Mayer, Dorothy
Miller, Louise
Miller, Martha
Mills, Helen
Moon, Mary
Moore, Lois
Morgan, Lois
Nesbitt, Cena
Newman, Albert
Newman, Horace
Nygren, Charles
Oelschlager, Charles
Ost, Florence
Oetzel, Charles
Ogdon, Roy
Olmsted, Robert
Osborn, Marjorie
Osborn, Reva
Ost, Beulah
Patterson, Eugene
Penny, Max
Pentecost, Walter
Perkins, Harry
Phillips, Donald
Phillips, Frances
Poll, Ray
Popejoy, Herbert
Powell, Helen
Pugh, Virgil
Reynolds, Ethel
Rice, Lucy
Rumbaugh, Helen
Raushenberger, John
Rearick, Edward
Reed, Marvin
Render, Nathaniel
Renick, George
Richter, Lyman
Rogers, Murhl
Scoles, Rufus
Skadden, Wallace
Stewart, Joseph
Swick, Raymond
Sheffer, Phyllis
Schade, Elsie
Shouse, Susie
Shepard, Helen
Simon, Abe
Sikes, Melba
Silberer, Harold
Sebat, John
Skadden, Bertha
Slanger, Frances
Sharp, Henry
Simcox, Minnie
Sink, Donald
Sloan, Hazel
Smith, Letitia
Smith, Minnie
Smith, Norma
Smith, Ruby
Stuebe, Margaretha
Susler, Rebecca
Swisher, Sara
Terrell, Beatrice
Thornsbrough, Mabel
Towne, Mildred
Tuggle, Thelma
Taylor, Curt
Taylor, Joe
Taylor, Lloyd
Thomas, Rae
Thompson, Wm.
Timm, Russell
Turnell, Frederick
Van Voorhis, Abe
Wright, Lucile
Wadsworth, Paul
Walker Eugene
Watt, Joe
Wherry, Wm.
Wilson, Joseph
Wilson, Harold
Winkler, John
Wonderlin, Homer
Wright Orlev
Yeazil, Lucile

Freshmen Class Roll

Adams, Olive
Agan, Margaret
Anderson, Helen
Ashcraft Claudia
Albert, Lloyd
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Paul
Arthur, Tommy
Anderson, Margaret
Armstrong, Margaret
Allen, Carl
Allison, Everett
Altenstadter, Henry
Balsley, Louis
Bracewell, Harold
Bales, Fay
Blankenburg, Helen
Bolles, Clara Elizabeth
Bouchard, Hazel
Butcher, Ruth
Ball, Sylva
Bartlett, Opal
Baughman, Margaret
Berthold, Lydia
Blaisdell, Verona
Blobel, Eva
Boyer, Gladys
Bracewell, Brita
Bradfield, Eleanor
Brady, Vera
Buford, Magnolia
Burrough Laura
Baldwin, Donald
Barco, Frank
Barden, Armine
Barton, Francis
Beaver, Eugene
Best, Alan
Best, Deneen
Black, Linzy
Blair, Irvin
Blair, Russell
Blaisdell, Harry
Brewer, Raymond
Bromley, Harold
Brown, Richard
Buckellew, William
Burgess, Glen Dale
Burk, Jewell
Bushnell, Lowell
Brewer, Gene
Christman, Francis
Connor, Catharine
Cooper,Annaruth
Crawford, Gladys
Campbell, Charlotte
Campbell, Harriet
Carithers, Ercel
Carson, Janet
Carter, Vivian
Cockerton, Mary Alice
Campbell, Horace
Campbell, Lesley
Chenoweth, Cloyde
Clapp, Henry
Clawson, Tim
Clifford, Ferd
Collignon, Fred
Connor, Jack
Corder, John
Courter, Clifford
Crawford, Fred
Cummins, Marvin
Courtney, Miriam
Crawford, Maude
Cunningham, Clifford
Davidson, Ruth
Deeken Mary
Dennis, Bernice
Dennis, Helen
Dietz, Florence
Doney, Georgia
Dowker, Gertrude
Davison, Hollis
Dettman, Walter
Dorsett, Richard
Dougherty, Herbert
Downs, Albert
Drews, Lydia
Duff, Juanita
Dodson, Harold
Dolan, Harold
Douglass, Walter
Dudley, Floyd
Diggs, Olive Myrl
Erp, Russell
Edwards, Myra
Elvin, Thelma
English, Marguerite
Enslow, Helen Frances
English, Helen
Erdman, Pauline
Fagan, Adeline
Faulkner, Copley
Fenwick, Percy
Flynn, Bert
Firebaugh, Ernest
Folley, Harold
Freeman, Joe
Frost, Ferd
Fecker, Lydia
Fine, Lafretta
Fisher, Georgia
Fleming, Ella
Foehrer, Minnie
Ford, Anna
Funk, Elizabeth
Furst, Cleta
Ford, Robert E.
Flanders, Florence
Follis, Erma
Foote, Eleanor
Foraqua, Laura
Freeland, Isabelle
Goben, Mabelle
Gogerty, Helen
Goodrick, Mary
Gelwick, James
George, Harry
Gibbons, Roert
Gallaher, Florence
Ganley, Lucy
Garrison, Mary
Gillespie, Grace
Gleeson, Marguerite
Gohl, Alice
Golden, Grace
Goodwin, Helen
Gray, Isabella
Grieshimer, Madell
Griffith, Nellie
Gruber, Bernice
Gones, Arthur
Gouty, Amos
Green, Mervyn
Greenman, Meredith
Gregory, Carl
Griffith, Lawrence
Gulick, Lee
Hale, George
Heslip, Ruth
Henk, Walter
Hiatt, Carl
Hibbs, Leo
Hibbs, Russell
Hickman, Rolland
Hicks, Isaac
Hahn, Margaret
Harbison, Gladys
Hart, Helen
Hawkins, Ethel
Hayes, Mabel
Henson, Edith
Handley, Charles
Harper, George
Hepburn, John
Hodges, Dan
Hoover, Emil
Hoskins, Oakley
Hewitt, Elizabeth
Higbee, Abagail
Horneman, Beatrice
Howard, Helen
Hart, Jane Martha
Hayden, Ivanna
Hogue, Evah
Hosch, Marie
Hoskins, Grace
Hunsaker, Emma
Jones, Marie
Jones, Mary Margaret
Johnson, Albert
Jones, Edgar
Jones, Thelma
Kell, Marvin
Keeslar, Ruth
Kelley, Elizabeth
Kelley, Hazel
Kenlay, Persis
Kerby, Merle
Kinney, Dora
Kiningham, Lewis
Kinnamon, Roy
Kimball, Austin
Kinnamon, Clarence
Kitchen, Fred
Klophel, Addison
Lawrence, Wilbur

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL—(Continued)

Lambert, Harry
Larson, Walter
Larson, Walter
Laker, Helen
Longer, Fern Marie
Lynch, Beulah
Lee, James
Leverenz, Edwin
Lonbom, Harry
Lovell, John
Lang, Ruby
Leonard, Mary Isabel
Lewis, Edna
Line, Dorothy
Lovell, Ruth
McCarty, Wayne
McCoy, Opal
McElwee, Thelma
McIntyre, Mary
McReynolds, Juanita
Mielke, Genevieve
Murray, Sylvia
McClain, Mildred
McClure, Grace
McCracken, Almeda
McIntosh, Thelma
Maddox, Esther
Marshall, Flossie
Martin, Thelma
Martin, Thamar
Meyer, Chester
Montgerard, Ovide
Murray, Neil S.
Murray, Sam
Montgerard, Ger Lena
Moone, Millicent
Moulton, Mildred
Murphy, Margaret
McCaughey, Thos.
McDonald, William
Maberry, Robert
Marble, Floyd
Marshall, Julian
Marshall, Harry
Marshall, Paul
Mason, Fred
Matlock, James
Miller, Tony
Miller, Ulus
Minniear, Orville
Moore, Isaac
Morrison, Donald
Nowling, Ruby
Ollis, Alberta
Orr, Harold
O'Connell, Ometa
Olmsted, Grace
Ost, Luther
Parker, Verda
Peters, Luella
Phipps, Helen
Platt, Lucille
Pollitt, Helen
Porter, Dorothy
Potter, Janet
Potter, Marie
Pratt, Ceola
Pacot, Marguerite
Parisoe, Alice
Parker, Helen
Peavler, Leona
Pedigo, Hallie Opal
Phillips, Dorothy
Puznetski, Anna Mae
Pemberton, Byron
Phillips, Albert
Prevo, Kenneth
Pennington, Loy
Rascher, Gilbert
Raushenberger, Everett
Reichman, Jack
Reynolds, Allen
Riggle, Elmer
Roderick, Arthur
Rambo, Myra
Robinson, Ada
Romine, Mildred
Rawlings, Mabel
Reed, Florence
Reynolds, Alice
Rodocker, Ardyth
Rickard, Elsie
Rindt, Helen
Ruda, Elizabeth
Russell, Helen
Schatz, Anna
Schratz, Alvera
Schultz, Mildred
Schwartz, Freda
Scott, Dorothy Louise
Scott, Opal
Selsor, Madalyn
Shafer, Venetia
Short, Doine
Shanks, Cecil
Smiley, Oma
Smith, Dale Irene
Smith, Edna
Smith, Gertrude
Smith, Maurine
Smith, Nell
Songer, Roberta
Spangler, Lavellyn
Schingel, William
Schroeder, Carl
Schultz, Clyde
Scott, Raymond
Seymour, John
Silverman, Max
Smith, Herman
Smith, Glen
Stellner, John
Stellner, Frank
Stine, Lorin
Stockley, Robert
Strawser, Corydon
Swallow, Richard
Swisher, Louis
Schultz, Josephine
Shake, Irene
Simmons, Georgia
Stein, Madge
Sutton, Velma
Sadler, Francis
Sharp, Dee
Simon, David
Sims, Russell L.
Skogsberg, Evald
Smalley, Paul
Smith, Lorimer
Strebin, Clayton
Stephens, Mary
Steward, Mildred
Storey, Marietta
Stratman, Norma
Strawser, Garnet
Stucker, Leta
Stuebe, Carolyn
Sund, Lillian
Swan, Hazel
Swisher, Grace
Tengen, Corinne
Talbert, Opal
Terry, Lois
Tevebaugh, Mary Maudie
Thomas, Pearl
Thorn, Nydia
Tibbs, Olive
Turnell, Elizabeth
Tilton, Alice
Taylor Carrie
Taylor, Gola
Townsley, Helen
Tasky, David
Tilton, Glenn
Tilton, Russel
Timm, John
Tolson, Glenn
Tyler, Larkin
Tennery, Richard
Underwood, Walter
Underriner, Helen
Underriner, Mildred
Van Kirk, Genevieve
Van Kirk, Ilene
Walton, Ralph
Wayne, Daniel
White, Floyd
Wire, Curtis
Wood, Wilbur J.
Wyatt, Ralph
Wait, Florence
Wall, Frances
Walley, Georgia
Waltemath, Dolores
Washburn, Loma
Washington, Ruby
Watson, Ellen
White, Dorothy
Wilcox, Garnet
Williams, Margaret
Wilson, Irene
Walton, Ray
Watson, Morris
Webb, Eugene
Weddle, William
Wherry, John
Wilcox, Earl
Wilkinson, John
Williams, Gorman
Williams, Joe
Wills, George
Wyman, Lemuel
Wynn, Harley
Wheatfill, Fern
Withers, Frances Ann
Young, Sarah
Young, Dorotha
Zeising, Paul
Du Bois, Louise


ATHLETICS
Stewart Rouse 1921

1920 Football Season

ALTHOUGH the football season was not a marked success, there are several things about it we would like to remember, and there are also several things we would like to forget. In a couple of games we were out-played and in the others were out-fought. The coach was not directly at fault for our poor showing, but it was a combination of misfortune and bad spirit among some of the players, such as will probably not happen again in ten years. There were a few players who deserve much credit for their faithfulness, and others who should not be criticized too severely; and they both put forth not a little effort in behalf of their school. So let's "Let the dead past bury its dead," and help build up a winner next year.

Top Row, Left to Right—G. Detweiler, H. R. Peery, Jess Beaver.
Second Row, Left to Right—"Perc" Smith, John Leverenz, "Russ" Tilton, Mac Raimer, Ed. Long.
Third Row, Left to Right—Carson, Mel Hall, "Zicky" Freeman, Carl Woolsey, Bob Johnson, Fred Robison, Bill Christy.

The Schedule

Hoopeston	14	—Danville	13
Watseka	3	—Danville	14
Georgetown	31	—Danville	7
Urbana	41	—Danville	0
Villa Grove	6	—Danville	0
Champaign	63	—Danville	7
Westville	13	—Danville	7
Rossville	0	—Danville	34
Opponents' total	201	—Our total	75

The Games

HOOPESTON AT DANVILLE—October 2

On October 2 D. H. S. pried off the lid of the football season by losing a hard battle to Hoopeston, 14 to 13. The game was close and doubtful throughout. Our team seemed to have lost all their horseshoes, for luck continuously broke against them. However, they played a hard fast game, and deserve credit for the fight they put up. Woolsey and" Zickie" played the stellar role for us, while Weber starred for Hoopeston.

WATSEKA AT DANVILLE—October 9

Spurred on by her determination to atone for her defeat by Hoopeston, it was D. H. S. who upset the football dope by beating the strong Watseka team 14-3. Watseka with a much heavier team and boasting of a 27-0 victory over Hoopeston, came to Danville fully expecting to win. During the first two quarters it was anybody's game, the score at the end of the half being 0-0. In the third quarter the game was still a toss up when "Zickie" Freeman received a punt and ran fifty yards for touchdown. A little later Smith nabbed a pass and made a sensational eighty yard run for another touchdown. A drop kick in the last two minutes gave Watseka her 3 points.

DANVILLE AT GEORGETOWN—October 16

On October 16, D. H. S. journeyed to Georgetown for a game of football. Three hundred rooters accompanied the team, and although we played a hard game and were backed by some real cheering from our student body, Georgetown emerged victors,31-7. Georgetown has a good team composed of several good players. "Tete" displayed his gameness by continuing to play after he had received several injuries. One lone touchdown came as a result of a brilliant run by Freeman.

URBANA AT DANVILLE—October 23

With an unusually heavy and fast team, Urbana had little trouble in beating us 41-0, although we made them fight every inch of the way. Captain Miller of Urbana was their main cog, both in defense and offense. Bob Johnson, handicapped by a great difference in weight, put up a plucky fight against his opponent. It can be said Urbana had us outclassed in all departments of the game and deserved the victory.

VILLA GROVE AT VILLA GROVE—October 30

On October 30 our team journeyed to Villa Grove fully expecting to bring back the oft-mentioned "bacon"—but something slipped. They lacked the fight and pep of other games. Several times they could have scored but for a fumble. They threw away opportunities up to the last minute. Villa Grove made their touchdown on a forty-yard run resulting from an intercepted pass.

CHAMPAIGN AT CHAMPAIGN—November 6

On November 6 Danville again met a team that was clearly her superior, and was defeated by a score of 63-0. At the end of the first quarter many students, who accompanied the team still held out hope, as the score was only 6-0. It was in the last two quarters, however, that the locals piled up most of their score.

DANVILLE AT WESTVILLE—November 13

Playing a much harder game than they had on the previous Saturday, D. H. S. was beaten by Westville, 13-7. Danville was on the offensive during most of the game and scored the first touchdown in the first period. During the second period, Westville scored a touchdown and the first half ended 7-7. At the beginning of the second half, Westville intercepted a forward pass for the final score of the game. The rest of the game was a see-saw affair, with the ball mostly in Westville territory. Hall and Freeman were the mainstays for Danville, while Simpson starred for Westville. We played this game without the services of Johnson, Christy and Freeland.

THANKSGIVING GAME

Despite the fact that the team had had a very unsuccessful season, many students and town people came out to the Thanksgiving game and demonstrated the true "Turkey Day" spirit. Their spirit was not in vain, for we came off with the long end of a 35-0 score with Rossville. Freeman and Hall were the shining lights for us, while the whole squad fought with all their strength.

WHO'S WHO IN FOOTBALL

"D" Men

Raimer: "Mac" was one of the most dependable men on the team. Always steady, but never brilliant, he did his best to make the team a winner. He strictly observed all training rules, and possessed all the qualities necessary for a letter man. He will be missed next year.

Smith: The only trouble with "Perc" is that he didn't come out for football when he was a Freshman. Playing his first year of football, he learned the game remarkably fast. His eighty-yard run in the Watseka game was a big factor in our victory. He will not be back next year.

Christy: "Bill" is our "Little Giant." He is small but mighty. He started the season at quarter, but was later put at end, where he displayed much speed in getting down under punts and in nabbing passes. At a meeting of the letter men, he was elected captain for next year, and will surely be a good leader.

Long: "Ed" is another Senior who played his first year of high school football this year. He was a good back-field man and a sure tackler. He will be missed next year.

Tilton, Russell: Here is an athlete with a very promising career before him. His first year in school, he has made a place on the team and will be a big help next year.

Carson, Howard: Although out of the game a great part of the season due to injuries, Carson got in the last game, and showed some real pep. He will be back next year.

Other members of the team were:

Carl Woolsey (Capt.): "Tete" was one of our smallest but steadiest men. He wasn't the whole team, but he was a fast man and a hard tackler. Carl was an accurate passer and could punt or drop-kick with the best of 'em. We are sorry this is his last year for D. H. S.

Freeman: "Zickie" was, without a doubt, our most brilliant player. He could always be depended upon to play a good game, and made long gains in every game. He was also a good kicker, both place and punt; a cyclone on offense and a whirlwind on defense. His place will be hard to fill next year .

Hall: "Mel" could hit the line harder than any man on the team, and was good on end runs. He always played a hard, aggressive game and did much to help the team.

Robinson: Fred played in the line, and did his best at all times. He will be missed next year.

Freeland: "Ted" is a good football player, but he always fights a losing battle with his old foe, Eligibility. This kept him out of several games. He will be back next year.

Talbot: Roy, with his husky build, added much strength to the line. He was also good on the tackle swing play, which often netted long gains. He will not be back next year.

Patterson, Eugene: "Patty" showed some real football ability in the games he played, but he was out a great part of the season, due to injuries.

Wilson, Joe: Helped out a great deal till he was hit by Ineligibility.

Basketball Season 1920-21

ALTHOUGH the team did not win as many games as we would like to see them win, it must be remembered they played very fast teams this year, and did fine in holding them down as they did. They played a good, fast brand of basketball, and there is not a team in the state who could play against Danville and emerge from the gate without being thoroughly conscious of the fact that they had fought for what they had gained. This year we dropped such teams as Georgetown, etc., from our schedule, and took on only fast teams—with the possible exception of Hoopeston. We were handicapped by changing coaches in the middle of the season, and also by the loss of several players. The student body is to be thanked and congratulated for its hearty support, and the band also deserves much praise. This year sees the passing of three players who have played together since they entered school and whose services have been invaluable. They are Thompson, Smith and Freeman.

Top Row, Left to Right—Ed. Long, Cash Cook, Harry Colberg Coach Peery, Guy Freeman, Gene Freeman.
Second Row, Left to Right—Charles Baum, "Les" Son, Charles Buchele, Floyd Thompson, "Speed" Tilton, "Perc" Smith, "Bill" Christy.

The Schedule

Decatur	33	Danville	19
West Lafayette	43	Danville	27
Terre Haute	31	Danville	35
Watseka	17	Danville	19
Champaign	19	Danville	17
Terre Haute	73	Danville	39
West Lafayette	40	Danville	26
Hoopeston	10	Danville	25
Decatur	29	Danville	13
District Tournament			
County Tournament			

THE DECATUR GAME

The basketball season of 1920-1921 started out with a game that showed to all who witnessed it, Danville had a team again this year with superior quality. Although we were defeated by the Decatur team, it was only done in the fourth quarter, showing to us our team's only weakness was a lack of endurance; but we hope when we have a few more games on our completed schedule this weakness shall be completely remedied.

The final score was 33-19 in Decatur's favor.

DANVILLE AT WEST LAFAYETTE

On the next Friday D. H .S. went to West Lafayette and was defeated. The team played a fast game, but were not quite equal to their opponents. The resulting score was 43-27.

TERRE HAUTE AT DANVILLE

Almost 700 people assembled at the Washington auditorium saw Danville send Terre Haute down to defeat in one of the most thrilling basketball games ever staged here. Terre Haute came here with a fine record, and at the start literally "swept the boys off their feet" with their bewildering attack. They piled up twelve points before we got one. Finally, "Old Reliable" caged one and we got started. Before the first half was up, we were ahead, only to drop back and be trailing 27-17 when it ended. The last quarter opened with the score 27-27. The playing in the next ten minutes was the fastest and most furious seen here in a long time. With the score 31-31 and two minutes to play, "Chuck" Baum broke the tie, and "Reliable" made another for good luck—putting us across by a score of 35-31. Thompson's play was nothing short of phenominal throughout the game. It can be safely said he was a big factor in our victory. The band also helped wonderfully—cheering the boys up during the darkest moments. Terre Haute has a fine team and deserves much credit for the good clean game they played.

DANVILLE AT WATSEKA

Encouraged by their victory over Terre Haute the previous Friday, D. H. S. defeated Watseka by the close score of 19-17. The game was played on a small floor and unusually rough. Danville led at all stages of the game except the last few moments when it was 17-17. In the last few seconds, with the score still tied, Freeman made a basket, thus winning the game. It was the last game for "Zickie" Freeman and "Chuck" Baum. They celebrated it in fine shape, each playing a spectacular game.

DANVILLE AT CHAMPAIGN

Friday, February 2, D. H. S. was forced to suffer one of the most smarting defeats she received this year. On that night the team journeyed to Champaign, determined to fight for a victory against her old enemy. At the start of the game, we rushed them off their feet and soon had a commanding lead. The first half ended 15-4 in our favor. The second half saw our team playing some of the worst basketball they ever experienced.

They were able to make but two fouls in the second half. The defeat is attributed not to Champaign's good playing as much as it is to our bad playing.

D. H. S. AT TERRE HAUTE

Friday, February 11, D. H. S. played a return game with Terre Haute on their own floor. Although we piled up more points in this game than we had in any other game this season, we were defeated by a score of 73-39. The game was played on a dance floor, which greatly handicapped our boys. The first half was very one-sided, the quarter ending 24-0, and the half 40-10. However, we came back in the last half and played them about even, making 29 to their 33. The team was not discouraged over this, because they had played as a good game—especially during the second half, after they had become accustomed to the floor—as they played this year. Terre Haute has a fine team, composed of a fine group of fellows. Son led ours, scoring with eight baskets, while Floyd got seven and "Bill' four. Terre Haute's center went wild, scoring sixteen field goals.

WEST LAFAYETTE AT DANVILLE

Friday evening, February 18, D. H. S. suffered its third straight defeat, at Washington auditorium, by West Lafayette—40-26. At the start it looked as though we would come out on top, as we led 12-4 in the first quarter. Lafayette braced up, however, and the first half ended 18-5 in their favor. During the second half our team fought hard, but was out-played. The visitors used a fast dribbling game to break up our defense, and worked it well. The playing of Jamieson was especially brilliant. He is one of the best high school players D. H. S. has ever bucked up against. Thompson and Son played well, each scoring twelve points.

The second team, which played at Covington, was also humbled, by a score of 22-10.

THE HOOPESTON GAME

February 25, the basketball team appeared for the last time this year in Washington auditorium, and beat the "Holy City" crew 25-10. The team seemed to realize they had it easy, for they never extended themselves. Had Floyd Thompson cared to extend himself, it is doubtful how many points he really would have made; as it was, he scored nineteen. Smith also played a good game. In the second half, Funk and Brewer were sent in, and they showed some real pep.

In a curtain-raiser, the second team was again defeated by Covington—this time 17-8. The Hoosiers were much larger and showed better teamwork. The game was unusually rough and rather slow.

DANVILLE AT DECATUR

March 4 D. H .S. went to Decatur to wind up the season except the tournaments, and was defeated 29-13, in a game which was not as one-sided as the score might indicate. During the first half we were in the lead much of the time, the half ending 8-8. In the second half we weakened, and they romped away with the victory. "Perc" Smith was our star in this game, as his close guarding kept the score down, and his floor work helped the defense. "Thompie" was also in good form, scoring three field goals.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

THIS year Danville entered the district tournament with as good a chance to win as she ever had. The first game was with our old enemy, Westville. The team felt that this was an important game, and entertained the idea that if they won it it would be easy sailing to the semifinals. In this game they played with all their speed, and won handily, 27-13. The game was fast and well played—every man in our team playing a good game. That night we met Longview, clearly an inferior team, and expected to win easily. We got the jump and were soon in the lead, but something went wrong all of a sudden and when the smoke of battle cleared away we were vanquished by a score of 22-18. A defeat was never more humiliating, but over-confidence had got the best of us. It was a bitter pill, but our boys gamely swallowed it and came home smiling. They had learned a lesson. "Experience is a wise teacher"—so they'll do better next time.

COUNTY TOURNAMENT

FOR the third time in as many years, Danville was able to cop the county basketball championship. More teams were entered this year than usual and as a general rule, playing was closer and enthusiasm ran higher. At the start, Danville was "doped" as a strong contender, but Sidell seemed to be the favorite. Our first game was played Friday evening, against Henning. Our second-string men played the whole game and easily defeated them, by a score of 39-13. Our second game, and the hardest-fought one of the tournament, was played with our old rivals, Westville, on Saturday afternoon. Danville gained a slight lead at the start, which we maintained throughout the first half, which ended 12-8. During the second half the playing was furious, Danville often leading by only one point. Fouls were called repeatedly, and it was due to the accurate throwing of Thompson and Son—who alternated—that we held our lead. When the whistle blew, we were the victors by the close score of 19-16. Saturday night we played Sidell for the title, and gave many wise "dopesters" a decided jolt by holding Sidell to a single field goal and defeating them 22-8. We used a "stick-a-man" defense which completely baffled them. In the game for third place, Hoopeston showed much class in defeating Westville, who lost their fighting spirit when they lost to us. The county tournament this year was a decided success, both financially and from the spirit displayed by the different teams.

The Squad

THOMPSON (Capt.): "Egypt" was our most consistent point getter throughout the year. He was all over the floor, playing hard on both defense and offense. He was a fine example to his men and made a wonderful leader, as he possessed an uncanny ability to make a basket when most needed. Incidentally, the Thompson family has held down center for six years, and we will miss the old familiar name in the line-up next year.

SMITH: "Perc" was one of the most dependable and steadiest men on the team. He seldom made a spectacular play, but when we faced a fast team, "Perc" bore a

large part of the burden and never quit. He has played for three years without missing a single game. His absence will be felt next year.

Son: "Les" is a "chip off the old block." He comes from a family of basketball players and is no exception to the family. He has an unusually good eye for the basket and would be a valuable man on any high school team. He is back next year.

Christy: "Bill" is one of the fastest men we have. He doesn't shine in individual work, but he is one of the best men for teamwork we have had since the days of "Rus" Sparks. He is also a good man on defense, and a hard fighter. He will be back next year.

Tilton: "Rus" changed from a forward to a back guard and played his position well. He is good on getting the ball off the bank and clever in getting rid of it. He showed up unusually well in the county tornament. He should be a big help to the team next year.

Funk: John played in several games this year, thus acquiring experience that should help him next year. He is fast on his feet and has a good eye for the basket.

Buchele: "Chuck" played back guard in several games, though he could hold down center or forward if necessary. He is long and rangy, and should be good next year.

Brewer: "Long Chance" Brewer was a real "find." This was his first year in school and he immediately proceeded to make the first squad. He has much natural abilty and should develop into a star within a year or so.

Long: "Ed" was a sturdy guard who did his best at all times and always had the interest of the school at heart. He will be missed next year.

Murray: Sam is another man who will shine in the next few years. He didn't get much of a chance to display his ability, but he will make good.

Besides these men, there are several others who stayed out all year and gave the first squad scrimmage. They deserve much credit for their faithful work. Several show promise of developing into regular basketball players. They were: Raimer, Glen Tilton, Dolan, Tillotsen, Williams, Myers, Dale and Olmsted.

Track

A CALL was issued for track candidates soon after basketball season was over, and practice was soon going at a fast clip. Mr. Dean has charge of the team and is doing his best to turn out a winner. For the past several years track has not gone very well at Danville High School. There were not enough men on the squad to make a strong showing. Track is not like other forms of athletics, in that any average boy may become reasonably good in it if he is willing to put in the work necessary. It takes a great amount of work, careful training and a determination to make good. Danville has plenty of boys who might become good track men if they would only come out and try, yet there are scarcely half a dozen men on the squad. This does not look very well for a school of over three hundred and fifty boys. Every boy in school that possibly can should be out for track, as they will be greatly benefitted if they don't make the team, and will greatly benefit the school if they do. On Monday, April 18, the annual interclass meet was held and resulted in a victory for the Sophs, though they were closely followed by the Seniors. Those who had been out for the team demonstrated that practice and training are necessary, by taking most of the honors. Saturday, April 30, the team attended an invitation meet at Paris, and although each man did his best, Danville was not able to score a point. Shepard, our pole vaulter, went well over nine feet, but was unsuccessful. Brewer showed up well in the high jump, making five feet five inches and just missed taking third. Van Voorhis got into the final heat in the 220-yard dash, but was defeated there. On Saturday, May, 14, these men will represent us at the county meet at Westville, and it is hoped they will have better luck.

Tennis

AFTER the successful season enjoyed by the tennis team last year, it was decided to resume the sport again this year. Mr. Karraker, who did a great deal for the team last year, is not here this year; but Mr. Barton has charge of it, and should turn out a good team. There seem to be few schools who have tennis teams, so the members of the squad will have to be contented with a tournament here to decide the best player in the school, and with representing us at the annual interscholastic at Urbana, May 21. The team representing us last year at Urbana was very unfortunate in that they drew the best teams first and were put out early in the tournament. The team this year is composed of four men: Corwin Gelwick, Phil Soneson, Madison Geddes and "Doc" Wellenreiter. Of these men, Gelwick is probably the most efficient, as he was on the team last year and did some fine work. He will be first man at the tournament. "Doc" came near making the team last year, so his success is not such a surprise. Geddes and Soneson are newer men to the game, but they have developed rapidly and should show some class. The members of the team should be highly commended for their excellent spirit, as they practice every night—with only one match in view. Here's hoping they cop all the honors at the interscholastic.

Baseball

FOR the first time in ten or twelve years, Danville High has a baseball team in the field representing her this year. Whether she will have it next is up to the students. Track is always a losing proposition, and if baseball proves to be one also it will be discontinued, as two losing sports at one time is more than the athletic association can stand. Baseball is, beyond a doubt, the most popular game in America, since it is truly an American game. It is a safe bet that for every person in the country who knows how many electoral votes Harding got there are three who can tell you how many home runs "Babe" Ruth made last season. The main reason that many students do not care for the game is that they think they do not understand the game. The only way to learn it is by watching it played—then when you see a base hit you'll know what it is and next time won't think it is a strike-out. Other schools have varsity baseball, and we have as good a school as they. We get up the old pep in football and basketball, so why can't we do the same for baseball? This year a practically easy schedule has been arranged to see how the school takes it, and next year, if it is successful this year, we will be crossing bats with Bloomington, Decatur, Hyde Park, etc. So it is squarely up to the school—do you or do you not want varsity baseball? If you do, come out and support your team, as it is your team and not the team of boys who play. Following is a brief account of some of the games:

POTOMAC AT DANVILLE—April 23

On Saturday, April 23, D. H. S. opened the baseball season with a victory over Potomac High School by a score of 18-6. The game was played on the Soldiers' Home diamond and was attended by a large crowd. The warriors sprang to the front in the first inning and were never in danger. Smith was the star at bat, driving in many runs. "Les" Son also starred with a home run.

DANVILLE AT OAKWOOD—April 30

Friday, April 30, D. H. S. journeyed to Oakwood and took the local boys into camp to the tune of 11-5. As in the first game, our boys assumed an early lead and maintained it throughout. Christy pitched a fine game, striking out nine men.

DANVILLE AT VILLA GROVE—May 7

Saturday, May 7, our ball players went to Villa Grove and were defeated 5-2 in a well-played game. Villa Grove has a fine team and played a good, clean game. The game was lost in the first innning, when they scored three runs. Score by innings:

D. H. S.—	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—	2
V. H. S.—	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—	5

The Danville line-up was:

Dale 2b, Christy p, Smith ss, Mourer c, Thompson 1b, Son cf, McCoy lf, Neff rf, Funk 3b.

Utility, Penticost and Robison.

The remaining schedule is:

May 13—Villa Grove at Danville.
May 21—Danville at Potomac.
May 27—Oakwood at Danville.
June 4—Catlin at Danville.

In Memoriam

HENRY CLAGGETT

MRS. G. P. RANDLE

Beloved Wife of Our Superintendent and Friend

THE MEDLEY-1921

"SIS" AND HER SIS

BAILING IT OUT

NINA

PALS

"MAC"

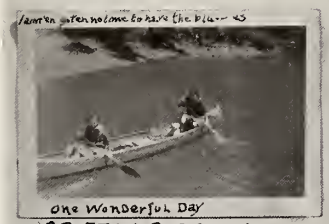
BEYERS

And what Fun We Had, But oh what Sorrow
TOMMY SIS

"SIS"

ARE WE HAPPY?

VICTORIA



One Wonderful Day
DRIFTING DOWN STREAM

THE "JINX"

AMATUEUR COOKS

LITERARY
STEWART ROUSE 1921

"Speed, Endurance and——"

DOWN the curved trail of a mountain in the West shot an automobile. Shot, I say, for even on those curves it traveled faster than a bullet in a parabola.

To one who was following the car it would have appeared that the driver was either intoxicated (which is highly improbable these days) or else newly married.

But at a second glance—well, no one got a second glance at the time; and it was several years later, when I happened to be in a small downstate Indiana town, that I learned this story of the driver of that now famous car.

Bud Kiser was the son of a business man, who had died when Bud was seventeen years old, leaving him alone in the world with nothing but some outstanding debts. Consequently, Bud had had to give up his schooling in his senior year and go to work.

Bud had a mechanical turn of mind and had always shown up excellent in mathematics and physics. Alas for his other studies! But, fortunately, he didn't need to know Latin and Greek to become a mechanic in a garage, and so Bud prospered. Within a year he had paid his father's debts and set up a garage himself.

Bud had always had two ambitions. Most fellows have more—among them: college, life, business, success, money, wife. But Bud had only two—a college education and his own workshop in which to perfect his pet ideas.

When his father had died, Bud decided that a college education was out of the question, but he determined to have his own workshop and within a year, as I have said, he had it. It was not very large, but big enough to hold three or four cars—besides one room to which no one was admitted. In there at odd moments, he worked on a car which was yet but a skeleton. This car was one of his own design, and of course it took a long time to get the money to buy the special parts.

At last, when he was twenty years old, his car was finished, new devices and all. Throughout the entire three years after his father's death he had thought of that car and its requisites. First was speed; second, endurance; and third—well he never had been able to decide what should come next.

He would say to himself, "That car needs speed, endurance and——that steering gear ought to stand under the greatest strain." And so he had never found what the third requisite for his car would be. When he did find out it was in a strange manner, and even then he didn't realize it until——but let's start at the beginning.

During his school career Bud had been a quiet, thoughtful fellow, not caring for athletics or social functions of any kind. Indeed he had said, "I hardly have time to get all my mathematics, there's so much outside to learn, let alone having time for a girl."

And so he had but one person whom he could call his friend. That was "Jack" Stringer, to whom we are indebted for the inside facts of this story.

When the car was finished, Bud left his garage in charge of "Jack" and started west to test his car. He left the town with a roar, and was seen no more for two weeks.

The mountain trails were just the place to give the car a real test—a test for speed, a test for endurance, and incidentally test all new devices; the steering gear, especially, could be tested with the heavy strains given it on the sharp curves.

Bud toured through the mountains, testing, occasionally remarking to himself about the mechanism, sometimes about the beauty of the scene which flew past, but mostly his thoughts were of the requisites of the car.

He had stopped at several small towns during the week he had been gone, but nothing out of the ordinary had happened to wreck his usual train of thought. Then—he was climbing a steep grade in high gear, saying as usual, "Speed, endurance, and—Gee, that's a nice cottage up there by that waterfall. From the looks of that motometer I'd better stop and fill my radiator."

He stopped, took a collapsible pail and went after the water. He stopped at the house to ask if he could get some water. He knocked and it seemed almost immediately that the door opened. "Pardon me——?" "Yes, you may have some water. Here' I'll show you the spring back of the house and you won't have to go to the falls." She skipped down the steps and around the house with the pail. Bud was tired, but followed after her as fast as he could for fear she would disappear. He wondered as he followed, "Could it really be—young and—well, not beautiful, but pleasing and restful to look at, and interesting, with not a bit of conceit and overbearing." Bud had never paid much attention to girls, and thought if a girl was good-looking she was stuck up.

They got the water and Bud seemed to forget that he had slept but once that week, forgot even his car. She was interesting to talk to, more interesting to listen to. Bud had found that out in the three minutes it took to get the water and return. Bud did not want to leave immediately, for although she had wormed out of him, easily, his name and why he was there, he had failed to get even so much as an inkling as to who she was or why she was there. He was reluctant to leave, for besides wanting to know who she was—well, it rested him just to look at her. It made him forget his car, all other things, except that he liked to stay there forever and just rest that way. He aroused himself from that subconscious dream to realize that she was talking to him. He also realized what it was that rested him—that undying smile that showed two rows of pearly teeth, a tip-tilted nose, with dark brown, sparkling eyes, topped by a white brow and black hair—would have rested any one, he thought. And as he watched her smile, his own features, which were drawn from peering ahead of a fast-moving car incessantly, broke into a smile and he was about to thank her for the water, when——

"You're tired and you must come in and meet daddy and mother and have a bite to eat, and—I'm Peggy O'Hara, you know." Here she stopped long enough to give Bud a chance to say "Yes," as though he really had known all the time, and to wonder how she knew he was tired, and——"We camp here at our summer cottage three weeks out

of every year, and this year we're a little earlier than usual on account of daddy's health.

By this time they were in the house, and introductions were in order, even to the dog and the cat. A bite to eat was prepared and Peggy saw to it that Bud was made comfortable. Conversation drifted to Bud's car and his life. He told his whole story, and then found out that Mr. O'Hara was a wealthy manufacturer in the West. Then Bud was afraid he would attempt to steal his inventions, but was soon put to ease when Mr. O'Hara offered to help him patent his invention and get the money to go to college. Mr. O'Hara said it wasn't too late yet to start to school, for next year he was going to send Peggy away to school, and she would be twenty then.

After two restful hours in a quiet home, Bud left with the admonition from Peggy to be careful and the advice from Mr. O'Hara to think his proposition over and come back when he had finished his tests.

Bud left and made test runs for two more days before he thought much about the O'Hara family. But suddenly, while he was thinking of the requisites of his car, they flashed into his mind, probably because he was out of the mountains now and several hundred miles on his way back home.

"Speed, endurance and——some family that, the cat and the dog don't even fight. I imagine my mother was like that, and if I'd had a sister I would have wanted one like that girl. But that don't solve the mystery of the requisites of this car. Speed, endurance,——gee, I'll bet it's lots of fun to live up there every summer—there I go again."

And so it was for an hour or so, when he came to a place where the road ran parallel to a railroad track for some miles. He was back on the old subject, but he ended a little different than usual. "This car needs speed, endurance, and Peggy wouldn't want me to do this, but there's a train ahead and I'm going to outrun it. The train was perhaps two miles ahead, traveling at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and with the crossing but three miles ahead of it. Bud stepped on the accelerator and without stopping to think of why he had said Peggy wouldn't want him to do that, he crossed the track ten feet ahead of the train.

Then after slowing down slightly, he realized the full force of his first seven words, "This car needs Speed. Endurance and Peggy." With a sliding tire and a twist of the wheel, the car was made to turn around and lost no time in starting toward the west.

Toward the mountains a car shot faster than any bullet can ever hope to travel if we were to believe our eyes and we might have thought the driver was crazy but—well from the snatches of song that floated behind one could tell that he was at least happy.

—Rusty.

Meditations In Class

MAE HOPKINS

WHAT strange and uncomfortable sensations we are sometimes subject to, especially if we find ourselves confronted by a task for which we are totally unprepared! I think that there is no but who has experienced such sensations, although they may not confide in us. At school, especially, these little occasions occur frequently.

For example:

I arise late some morning and take my own time about getting ready for school, when suddenly it dawns upon me that I haven't my American history! And I have it the first hour! And heavens ! She said that we must get this lesson; that it was the most important chapter in the book and that she would grade us on our recitations as if it were a test! "Oh, what'll I do? If I only had sense enough to stay home from that party and study last night!" With these encouraging thoughts, I rush to school, hoping to get at least a few minutes of study. I can't possibly do it. I'll get through somehow.

I approach my class, outwardly as calm and collected as if the whole book couldn't baffle me; but inwardly I experience a most uncomfortable foreboding of coming disaster. Which foreboding increases to an alarming extent when, at a glance, I see that the teacher has lost her usual good humor. But I confide to the girl in back of me that really I haven't even looked at the lesson, at her glance of surprise I settle myself comfortably, and wait for the bell to ring.

The teacher begins the day with the usual "How many have studied their lessons today?" At which I suddenly drop my book, scattering the papers far and wide, and take my own time in picking them up. As she assigns the advance lesson, I write long and intently. But even assignments come to an end some time, so I prepare for the worst, shivering as if with a chill. "How cold the room is! Funny I've never noticed it before. Heavens! I hope she doesn't call on me!"

After a few explanations, the teacher pulls out the fatal record book, and, quoting a nice, long question, calls upon—the first girl in my row! Then steadily she goes down the row, marking down the grades after the recitations. There seems to be an unusual amount of confusion in the room, for I have great difficulty in hearing, and keep asking for the recitations to be repeated.

As the person in front of me recites in his turn, I glance feverishly around for a watch, and, to my horror, I learn that only twenty minutes have elapsed since the class began!

As I wait in fear and trembling for the inevitable, I utter a fervent vow in my heart that never again will I neglect my lesson for a party.

The girl has finished! What seems hours pass until—"Now! Courage! You can bluff it through somehow! Oh, joy! She has skipped me entirely and switched over to the other side of the room! In my overwhelming rush of relief, I no longer am able to keep my mind on the recitations! but sit there, unbelieving but happy. But my joy is short-lived. For after some one has replied, "I don't know" to her question, she calls my name. I, shocked and hesitating, somehow manage to rise and say, "That's exactly the way I think." The whole class seems to rise up in one spontaneous roar; and, overcome with wretchedness, I sink into my seat and pray for the bell to ring. I never will forget this day and that awful mistake. The minutes drag slowly by—and, at last, the three-minute bell rings. What a joyous sound! At last I can escape from this place! But one's troubles never cease. Like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky comes the question, "Tell us about Arnold, the traitor," and slowly her eye, roaming over the class, rivets upon me, and at her request I arise, trembling 'tis true, searching frantically in my mind for some recollection of Arnold, the trader. "Why, sure I have it. I read that somewhere in the grades, so summing up my courage, I invent a vivid story about one Arnold, a famous trader who was much loved by the Indians and settlers because of his trading ability. The class and teacher listen to my first sentences, bewildered and puzzled; then suddenly the mistake dawns upon them and they burst out in another roar of merriment. Dazed and dumbfounded, I grope around for my seat, and just as my mistake fairly "hits me between the eyes," as we might say, the longed-for bell rings, and, somehow, some way, I manage to escape from that wretched class; meanwhile uttering the vow "Never again!"

On Trying to Cross a Room in the Dark, Noiselessly

FRANCIS WELLENREITER

In the so-called wee small hours of the first morning in the year of 1921, or, in other words, four o'clock New Year's morning nearly a year old, a certain member of this illustrious Senior class was earnestly endeavoring to reach his bed in safety without rousing the aforesaid young gentleman's father.

The dangerous road to the final goal lay through a room overburdened with such unnecessary things to a room as chairs, a large table, a davenport and other inconveniences to a traveler. The first stumbling block was a large bear skin which possessed a head that was very adept to the gentle art of tripping. As the traveler encountered this obstacle the first down was called, with the journey far from completed.

A large table is a very easy thing to see in the light of the moon, but when there is no moon, watch your step. The table evidently tried a tackle, but with a slight decrease of speed the young fellow continued on his arduous journey.

At a small chair used by the younger members of the family, the second down was called with three chairs to go. He successfully eluded the first chair; but the second,

whose rocker collided with the tender shin bone, nearly caused an outburst of words which would have been entirely out of place, as the father of the wanderer was what is termed a very light sleeper.

The third down was called at the first step of that sought-for pathway leading to the upper regions of the domicile. If you have ever fallen flat on a flight of steps you know his state of mind toward the steps. But the steps having been negotiated, he made a line smash through the door and fell on the bed, compeletely exhausted but victorious. This young fellow then and there resolved never more to attempt such a perilous adventure without the aid of some interference in the way of a flashlight.

"Meditations On a Stolen Holiday"

8:30 A. M.— GRACE SIX

HORRORS! On my way to school and no theme prepared as yet! Why can't I convince some people that I am too ill to go to school? They are too wise—must be old to the game. I might as well ask for the moon as ask permission to remain at home. And so much to do! Christmas almost here and my shopping not half done. Oh happy thought! Why not skip school this morning and go Christmas shopping? Rather face irate parents, see the principal, get a blue slip—anything but write a theme! I believe I'm late anyway. (Poor excuse is better than none.)

Well, here I am downtown and don't know where to go first. Oh, dear! Why does every one stare at me so? Everybody I know seems to be downtown this morning. If my honorable parents don't hear of this it will be a miracle. But never worry.—Surely that isn't Mrs.———coming, facing me! Mother's most particular friend! She must not see me! Thank heavens for this friendly entrance! I duck into a store; but, to my horror, I discover that I have only jumped from the frying pan into the fire!

I find myself, for the first time, in a gentleman's cigar store! It seems as if there are a hundred men, all eyeing me curiously. What shall I do? My first impulse is to get out as quickly as possible; but just now that horrid lady comes in view, little knowing how much humiliation she is causing me. O, will she never pass! At last! But what is the matter with this door? It will not open. A man comes forward and, bowing politely, opens the door for me and then asks me to call again. How my temperature has risen! My cheeks are flaming. In my hurry to get away, I do not notice a lady heavy-weight, packed in bundles, coming around the corner and trying to keep from slipping. "Watch out!" cries a passing young man. "Ladies are coming down!" My feet slip and I am dimly conscious of coming in contact with the ice. But not alone. The dear lady's feet, becoming confused with mine, gave it up and she is now enjoying a seat on the ice, facing me. Oh, such a look on her face! My temperature has lowered about fifty degrees. And her bundles—where are they? All over the street! She looks so jolted; and, glaring at me so, she makes such a fuuny picture that I start laughing so that I think my sides will burst. "Oh," I gasp, "you must pardon me, but you do look so—so upset!"

"Yes," she replies icily, as she is helped to her feet by a passerby (I don't know how she could have gotten up by herself!), "it could have been worse—I might have fallen on you. Probably you would have laughed then." I suddenly stopped laughing. Such a thought had not occurred to me. I got to my feet hastily for fear she might do it yet. I try to explain to her, but she marches off with her packages without giving me another look. Oh, well, I'm not going to let it worry me! But why did I have to laugh? I could not help it, however, any more than she could help being fat. Anyway, I'm glad that she didn't fall on me! It must be getting late and I have accomplished nothing. Surely I will come to an inviting shop pretty soon. Oh, here I am! Now to start my purchasing.

One-Half Hour Later—

I am making several purchases when I have a strange feeling that some one is looking at me. My eyes are drawn irresistibly toward a familiar figure several feet away. Fate of our fathers! It seems that I am not the only one who has skipped school to go Christmas shopping, for I find myself staring, speechless, into the questioning eyes of none other than Mr. Brown! But why did he choose this shop of all to do his shopping! Surely there is a crack large enough for me to slip through the floor. I feel panic-stricken! What should I do? I am brought to my senses by the clerk saying, "Five dollars, please." "Oh, yes, certainly." I reached for my money when—lo, it dawns upon me that I left my purse at home this morning! It never rains but it pours! Now I must call my mother, 'fess up, and beg her to come down town at once. Oh, I wonder if Mr. Brown really did recognize me? I wish that I had gone to school this morning, for the thoughts which have traveled through my mind on this stolen holiday will be remembered for a long time.

Betty MacLean

CATHERINE HECHT

"Oh! Mrs. Mac," sobbed Betty, "the doctor was here this morning and—and—oh! What did he mean? What *can* he mean?

"Mean? What do *you* mean, my dear," quickly answered Mrs. MacLean, very much alarmed. "Come, Betty, you'll tell Mrs. Mac all about it, won't you?"

"Well," Betty cried, bursting into sobs anew, "he looked at me with an awful sad expression on his face and said, "Betty, my child, what *will* become of you? Where *will* you be in a month from now?' Oh, Mrs. Mac, could he possibly mean that mother is going to——Oh! No, no; she mustn't die! I won't let her die," she wailed.

Mrs. MacLean uttered an inward cry of despair. Then, turning to Betty, she fondly put an arm around her neck and said, "No, no, Betty, your mother will not die. Why, my dear, only this morning did she not tell you that she was feeling much better?"

"Yes-s," replied Betty, hesitating, "she did——but why should Dr. Sherman say that to me?"

"He meant nothing by it. Betty, just think," she said, forcing a cheerful smile

to her face, "spring is almost here, and mother will be so happy. Now, brush away the tears and run over and see what Mac has done for you, my dear."

To Betty, Mrs. MacLean's words were heaven, and at her bidding she would do almost anything. Hence, drying her tears, she kissed Mrs. Mac on the cheek and quickly ran from the room to see what big brother Mac had for her.

Mrs. MacLean watched her sweep lightly through the door. Instantly her eyes filled with tears. Then, shaking her head, she said almost aloud, "Oh God! May she never know what her mother has suffered! It would break her heart; she loves her so." But there was no time to waste. The house must be gotten in order. She quietly slipped into the bedroom in which Mrs. Auburn was lying. Death's indelible seal was stamped upon that pale brow. Soon that heart which had known so many cares and aches would cease, and that tortured soul would be in eternal rest.

Nearing the bedside, Mrs. MacLean took one of the fragile hands, which showed every cord and vein, in her own. Mrs. Auburn opened her eyes, then moved her lips as if to speak—but in vain. Finally words came, and with trembling lips she said, "My dear Alice, what will become of my Betty?"

"Never mind, Phyllis; Betty will be taken care of," replied Mrs. MacLean.

"Alice, you are God's own angel. Guard her, Alice, guard her, for you know how I love her; and remember, in that child you have me. Oh, but if she should ever be touched by those hands still covered with blood! Oh—" She began to weep softly.

"Phyllis, Phyllis, do not. I give you my word of honor she shall always be with me."

"Ah, Alice, I can now rest, and go from this selfish and cruel world in happiness. But only one last request I wish to make. That is, when Betty shall have reached the age of twenty years she shall be answered the innumerable questions which she has asked me concerning her father and myself." After a fit of coughing, she continued, "She shall be a homeless, moneyless orphan; but you will help her in some way, I know."

Having Mrs. MacLean's assurance, she slowly reclined again and closed her eyes. She was sinking continually and gradually. "Oh! Will that doctor never come?" Mrs. MacLean kept saying to herself.

Finally Dr. Sherman did come, but it was of no avail. In a half hour, probably, she would breathe her last. They both watched breathlessly o'er her bed. Soon that soul, so sweet and pure, opened her eyes and smiled, then passed away to find her reward in a more heavenly place.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"I tell ya' man, now's our chance," growled Jake Scoller, one of the heads of the gang.

"Chance? Chance nothing. Why, that kid's been guarded like a treasure," the leader of the party grumbled back.

"I say it *is* our chance—but anyhow, I'll not quarrel with ya'. We'll tell the new man about it and see what he thinks. They say he's a right good slick handler."

"Yea, I happened to see Jim Kelly last night and he said he sure was a wonder. He said he worked with them fer a while, but somehow they got in a squabble over that bank robbin' money, and so this guy quit that bunch and has been pluggin' fer himself lately."

Tim Greegan, the leader, was a man of forty-five years. Although his gray hair was in a disorderly condition most of the time and forehead wrinkled, his face, as a whole, showed the fine lines of a man worthy of being called a gentleman. He had a determined will; but, when he wished, he could be the kindest and most generous of men. His calm and cool disposition in times of grave danger had won for him the admiration and respect of his co-workers. On account of his ability to lie to men outside the gang, his keen speech and his cool bravery, he had been, two years ago, initiated chief of the "Big Six."

Jake Scoller had been held second in esteem. He was a mixture of quick parts—sarcastic humor and contempt in looks and manner. He was a coward at heart and always tried to get out of doing as much of the "dirty work" as possible. Upon the right side of his upper lip was a deep, triangular scar, which he had received two years before in an encounter with a policeman when he tried to cross the street in the midst of a funeral procession.

They were still talking about their "million-dollar chance" when suddenly two of the gang came in with the new man. "Tristy," as he was to be called while in the gang, appeared to be a very reserved and serious-minded man. His silver gray hair was always neatly combed. Upon his face was a sad, sorrowful expression which puzzled any one with whom he came in contact. His large gray blue eyes were very prominent and magnetic. Upon the upper left side of his forehead was an ugly scar which was well covered by a wavy lock of hair. Wrinkles with expression were situated above his mouth on either side and on his brow. His face, though not sunken, was not in the least fat. The clothes which he wore were shabby and torn. In fact, a study of the man, barring his clothes and the scar, proved that he was every inch a man of quality.

Upon their entering the door, both Scoller and Greegan looked up. The chief uttered a cry of—was it welcome, joy or despair? At any rate, there was something in those pensive blue eyes which troubled him. He immediately arose, shook hands with the man and said, "Well, are ya' ready for work?" For answer, Tristy peered at him with a grave look and replied firmly, "I am ready, sir."

"Sandy, go bring us some coffee," roughly said the Chief, "and hurry up, too. This is our last day in this house. Tomorrow we go over to that large old brick house, three miles south of Belmont avenue—the one in that large field near the woods."

"Where's that, Chief? "I ain't never seen that one," calmly asked Mike Lemm, the other member who entered with the new man.

"Aw, you know that house down there by the Dead river, as they call it—the one that's supposed to be haunted," replied Tim sharply.

"Come on, come on," growled Jake and quit foolin'." Let's git to business. What I want to know is how in thunder are we gonna git that kid."

"Never mind, Jake," replied Tim, calmly. "We must go about this discreetly. You know how the old man's got the kid guarded. Well, sir," he said, turning to Tristy; "there's a man in this here town we've had our eyes on for a long time. It was that bird who helped to put us in the pen and——" He hesitated.

"We're gonna kill him, too."

"Shut up, Jake! You'll do nothing of the kind. We're not gonna kill him. What we want is that kid of his that he thinks so much of. Don't you worry; we'll make him suffer. Say, where's Mark and Spot? They ought to be here while we're plannin'."

If he only knew—but he didn't—the aforesaid Mark and Spot were off getting some extra money. Woe be unto them if the Chief found it out, for it was one of the agreements of the gang that no one could get anything alone. No matter how much one got he had to divide it equally among them.

"Well sir, this here man was high in the railroad game when we was tried for stealin' stuff out of the freight cars. One day his special happened to be comin' along and he saw us. Well, he's the one that had the most to do with sendin' us away. He said he was gonna put us somewhere where we could never break in a flat car again. He did, all right; but after we had served five years we got out and got away so good that we were never found.

After we escaped, we were afraid of bein' caught if we came after him real soon, so we waited a couple of years. Two years ago we went back there, but the old man and family had moved over here to Beverly. They're here, all right. They've a young son about twenty-six who is in some kind of a law business away from here. Then they've a girl about nineteen or twenty—a right pretty thing—and they say the old man and woman won't let her go out of the house alone for fear some one will kidnap her. Think, men—think of a way! I've been thinking for weeks, but now I've almost given up. You know we don't want any notoriety about it."

Immediately all were wrapped in silence. Each was doing his utmost to devise a plan, for the one who thought the best way out would receive the largest lump of cash from the ransom. Finally all had given up except Jake and the new man.

"Aw," expostulated Jake at last, "there ain't no way to do that. Ya' jist gotta go git 'er."

"Jake, do be still!" roared Tim. "You can't think, so shut up."

After several moments more of careful reflection, Tristy asked, "Just what kind of family is this? What station of life? And do you know why they think so much of the girl?"

"Well, sir," replied the Chief, "they're the swell society kind. The old man's president of a railroad and he owns a big sugar factory. They got a tutor fer the kid so they don't have to send her away. And the girl—oh! I don't know. It's an adopted kid—one of the misses' friends died and left it for her to take care of?"

"How much money do you wish to spend on getting her?" Tristy asked, in a smooth, quiet tone.

"Oh, about a thousand or so."

"Just a thousand?"

"Well, ain't that enough?"

"Not for this kind of a job. You understand, swell society people must be gotten in swell society ways. More money is necessary. But first, are any of you known here?"

"None but Jake, and he's wanted in the old home town fer crossin' in the middle of a funeral procession a couple of years ago."

"Good." Tristy replied, very much interested. Now, all we need is money and a man. But what is the name of this illustrious gentleman?"

"Old man MacLean," Jake burst out.

Tristy's heart began to beat faster. "MacLean, MacLean"—no, it wasn't MacLean. It was McNain—yet maybe. No, no, he remembered distinctly it was McNain, and anyway he didn't live here. He lived at Belleville. With that decision, he thus let

the name and the entire thought of his drop. He only wanted to earn some money so he could go back home to his wife and child. Then he would show some one the right and wrong of the business.

"Come on and tell us your plan, if ya' got any!" snapped Jake.

Tristy's face immediately took upon itself a peculiar expression. His large eyes glanced long and earnestly over each member of the gang. When they reached Sandy they stopped. Here was metal that probably could be made attractive. First of all, Tristy noted the youthful lines; then the sky-blue eyes. He then swallowed the remainder of his coffee, and, with elbows on his knees, and face in hands, he thus began to think, a very melancholy expression still upon his face. His thoughts ran back to the days of his youth—to his old sweetheart, and to his mother. He remembered distinctly the dying words of his mother, and the thoughts of them pierced his very soul. He was the last one she had spoken to. "Son, be a man and, remember, never do anything which you would be ashamed to tell your mother," were her last words. Should he go on with this job? Oh, well, that was in the past. Anyway, he had to live his own life. Hence, silence again filled the room, and the old man, his large eyes fastened to the floor, finished devising the clever plan which was to result in the capture of Betty MacLean.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Mother, Mother, when shall we start? I am getting more anxious each moment!" joyfully exclaimed Betty Mac. "Oh, won't Mac be glad to see us! We must hurry, for you know the train arrives at one."

Her mother assented that young Mac would be very glad to see them—and especially her.

"Yes, but mother, he will be more pleased to see you—not me. Why, I'm just merely his 'little sister'," replied Betty, with an inferior air.

"After a few minutes' hesitation, Betty went on, "But wasn't Mac a darling to come home for my first party? I hope it will be a success."

"I'm sure it will," replied her mother.

Then all at once her face lighted up more than ever. She turned to her mother with a subtle light of triumph in her eyes. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose Mr. Sheldon will really and truly come tonight? He is so clever and such charming manners. I *do* hope he will."

Six years had passed since the death of Mrs. Auburn. To Betty, these years had all been roses without thorns. For some time she had been unable to recover from the shock of her mother's departure. But as time elapsed, and with such a person as Jack MacLean for a brother, Mrs. MacLean for a mother, and Mr. MacLean, or Daddy Mac, as she called him, she could be no other than happy. Her name now was Elizabeth MacLean, but only known as Betty Mac to her numerous friends.

For five years before Betty became a permanent member of their family, Jack MacLean had always called her "Little sister." But somehow the last time he had been home during the holidays, he had not caller "Little sister" once. Why? He could not say. It was simply the fact that she was no more a "little sister" to him.

During her six years' residence with the MacLeans, Betty had grown into a beautiful young girl. Her large gray-blue eyes spoke what her lips could never attempt to word. Her golden brown hair was always combed in a becoming fashion. When she smiled, a

pair of shiny white teeth shone beneath two cupid-shaped lips. Her smooth, fair complexion showed a rose blooming on either cheek.

By her many admirers, Betty was looked upon as an ideal girl. But who wouldn't? For she possessed that power, strange and occult, called magnetism. When she but moved about, one could feel the air stirred by an electric current. Yet Betty was not conscious of this power, or if she was she did not know its full extent. The resonance of her smooth, clear voice made one think of a clear sky on a bright day.

Brother Jack was to arrive on the one o'clock train. Oh, how eager she was for that time to come! It did come, and they were at the station promptly at one. The platform was swarmed with people awaiting the train. Finally the huge, lion-like engine came puffing up to them, then passed and gradually stopped. People began to descend from the coaches. Betty's eyes were wide open. She almost grew impatient in waiting for him. "Oh, would he never come!" She looked and looked. No; the last person had gotten off and people were boarding it. Tears of disappointment stood in Betty's eyes. "What had happened? Why had he not come?" They waited until all the passengers had ascended the coaches, then watched the engine puff away again.

There was a lump in Betty's throat. She could not speak. When they arrived home a telegram awaited them. It was from Jack. He had missed the one p. m. train and would arrive on the eight-forty-five. Betty's tears cleared away immediately. "Oh, well," she thought, "he is coming anyway." She then sat down to dream—was it of her party, of clever Mr. Sheldon who greatly reminded her of brother Jack?

At eight o'clock the guests began to arrive. Betty received each with that quiet, magnetic air which attracts people to one. Her face was sparkling with joy. The black velvet evening dress which she wore displayed, more than ever, her beautiful fair skin. Her personality tonight seemed more winning than ever. Mr. Horace Sheldon was the last guest to arrive.

She greeted him with a smile and such an air that it made his hand tremble. After greetings and brief chats with a number of the young people, Mr. Sheldon and Betty left the drawing room to enter a small anteroom in which Mr. MacLean and a friend were talking about the remarkable success of young Jack. Both seated themselves to join in the conversation. It was "Jack this and Mac that," when Mr. Sheldon abruptly spurted out, "Well, according to Miss Betty and you two gentlemen, this young fellow Jack must be the eighth wonder of this world. I should like very much to see him."

"Indeed and you shall," Betty replied, looking at her watch, "for his train has already arrived."

At this point, Mrs. MacLean and several other ladies came in. Mrs. MacLean was just about to take the telephone, which was standing near Mr. MacLean on a small table, and call the station to inquire if the train had arrived, when suddenly the bell sounded in a long, loud ring. It stopped. Then came a short, sharp one. Finally a third came, more violent and prolonged. Mr. MacLean jumped to his feet and answered immediately. The words which he heard in a clear, loud, quick voice, were, "Mr. MacLean, No. 96 due from north, derailed one mile north of L. N. Tower. Please come up there as soon as possible." Mr. MacLean set the telephone down calmly, then put his hand to his head as if in pain.

"What is it, Dick?" asked Mrs .MacLean, very much agitated. "What was it they said about No. 96?"

Mr. MacLean, his hand still holding his head, eyes planted on the floor, and a distressed expression on his face, briefly answered, "Derailed one mile north of L. N. Tower."

"Jack!" whispered both Mrs. MacLean and Betty.

"Never mind; probably it is not so serious," returned Mr. MacLean. "I must go up there immediately. Tell Verdun to bring the enclosed car around right away."

He started to leave the room, but Betty ran up in front of him and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, father, *please* let me go with you—please," she begged.

"No, no, my child; this is no place for you. You must stay here. I shall be back shortly."

"But father, I want to go. *Please* let me go."

However, Mr. MacLean again replied in firm negative. Betty knew when he said "No" with a set jaw, it meant "No." She thus let him go. Her eyes filled with tears, but it was no use. She went back to the group in which her mother was standing. More were gathered in the room to find out the cause of so much commotion. Mrs. MacLean put her arms around Betty and told her maybe Jack had escaped. Consolation and sympathy were being expressed on all sides. Among those offering the most was Mr. Sheldon. He drew Betty from her mother and led her over to a divan. He used every effort to console her, but she refused, saying that she would believe Jack was absolutely safe only when she saw him. "Oh! If father would only have let me gone with him!" she sobbed. "I just know something has happened to Jack. Oh, if I could only go!"

At this, Mr. Sheldon promptly suggested that if she choose they could drive up in his car; that he was willing to help her do anything he possibly could. Hearing this polite proposal, Betty immediately dried her tears and said, her eyes suddenly grown large, "Oh! Mr. Sheldon, you're so kind. If you only would! Father has gone and I know he won't mind. He just didn't want to be bothered with me."

She thus hurried out of the room into the recep,tion hall, then up the stairs. When she came down she had donned a cloak and wore a soft hat. Mr. Sheldon, with coat and hat, was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. After telling one of the maids where she was going, Betty and Sheldon rushed out to the car. There was no time to lose. In a moment, both had jumped in. The directions which Sheldon gave his chauffeur were, "A. G. & B. railroad, one mile north of L. N. Tower. Hurry!"

Immediately the brakes were released and the car was thrown into full speed. The night was very dark, and Betty, in feverish excitement, could not tell in what direction they were going. They turned many corners, and finally came to a railroad crossing, which Betty thought was that of the aforesaid A. B. & G. Oh! They would be there soon she said to herself, and with this thought settled down to wait.

Having gone about a mile past the railroad, they suddenly came to an abrupt stop. What is the matter? Where are we?" excitedly exclaimed Betty, peering out into the darkness.

The chauffeur jumped out, examined the car, then, opening the door, hastily said, "Out of gas. Nearest garage one mile away. I'll go after some. If you feel chilly, go to that farmhouse over there. I'll call for you there."

The chauffeur disappeared immediately. Betty was unconsciously clasping and unclasping her hands. Her impatience was getting the better of her. Oh! Mr. Sheldon, where are we? What *will* we do?"

"Let's go over to that farmhouse and get warm. You must not catch cold or your mother will say I am not a very good chaperone. Betty declined, saying that she desired to wait there and anyway she wasn't cold. The chauffeur would be back in a very short time; then they could proceed.

What seemed an hour to Betty finally passed. "Oh, will he *never* come!" she wailed.

"I tell you, Miss Betty," said Mr. Sheldon, trembling, "I'm terribly cold and I know you are, too. I insist that we go over to that farmhouse. The light looks very inviting. Thomas said it was a mile to the nearest garage and he's only been gone fifteen minutes. He couldn't possibly be back before thirty more".

Cold perspiration was standing on Betty's forehead. She had not noticed it before, but now her feet were so wretchedly cold she could hardly walk. At last she consented and, turning down a narrow path which led from the road, they came up to the large brick farmhouse.

Betty looked through the window and beheld a blazing fire in a neat little fireplace. Sheldon knocked on the door. No one answered. Finally, after several very loud raps, a man who appeared to Betty to be about fifty years old, opened the door. Betty politely told him their story and asked if they might warm themselves. The man answered "yes," willingly, and invited them to make themselves comfortable.

Betty unfastened her coat, then sat down in a chair before the grate. Would that chauffeur never come! He had been gone at least three-quarters of an hour. Suddenly she jumped up and looked out of the window. Her suspense was growing each moment. She walked the floor. Finally an hour passed. Still he did not show up. She could not stand it long. Where was he? Why *didn't* he come? Had he gone off and forgotten them?

Mr. Sheldon had taken off his overcoat and made himself comfortable. He did not seem in the least worried. The consolation which he offered Betty in regard to Jack was of no avail. In fact, it seemed that the more impatient and distressed Betty grew, the more cozy and comfortable was Mr. Sheldon.

It was now eleven-thirty. Betty had been sitting quiet for some time—thinking. Suddenly, as if a bomb had exploded in her midst, she jumped to her feet. Then, with eyes flashing, shoulders erect, and a look of anger on her face, she confronted her friend and said, in a loud, clear and angry voice, "Horace Sheldon, tell me, what kind of a trick is this? Where am I? Why did you bring me here? Why did you absolutely insist that we come here? There's something to it, and I want to know what it is, immediately!"

Sheldon made no move, but looked at her quite unconcerned, and said, "Miss Betty, I know no more about the place than you. We are waiting for gas is all I can tell you, and there's no trick to it."

But Miss Betty begged to differ. She began gazing about the room. Something looked strange. What was it? Why had she not noted it before? She peered through the door which led into the next room. It was empty! The plastering was off the wall and horrors! Why had she not thought of it before? This was—oh, such a place!

If her eyes flashed expression before, they now flashed words—in truth, signals. Betty again faced Sheldon and said, very much agitated, "Horace Sheldon, you—you—I—I know where I am now. Take me home right away! Do you hear?" Sheldon did not seem to hear—at any rate, he kept his seat and merely looked at her with a silly grin on his face.

Well, if you are going with me, come on—but I am going to leave immediately." With this, she turned on her heels, opened the door and darted out. As soon as Betty got outside in the inky darkness, she felt a hand grip her arm. She stopped instantly, but did not try to jerk away. Her heart was beating violently. "Oh, who was it? What—what could she do?

At this juncture, Sheldon opened the door and came out. His apparel was now entirely different. Instead of the evening suit which helped to make him so agreeable-looking, he now had on a dirty, shabby, torn suit. The dainty little moustache which was before above his upper lip, was no more. His hair, which had been so neatly combed, was now in a disorderly condition.

When Betty saw him, her eyes became large, circular disks. "You—you—" she stammered, very much frightened, "you are not Horace Sheldon. But you have the same eyes."

Sheldon leaned against the open door on one foot, a sheepish grin on his face and a twinkle in his eyes, and answered, rather playfully, "Well, Miss Betty, that's the name I went by. But really," he added, very confidentially, "that isn't my real name."

Betty saw she was somebody's victim. Her only thought now was to get away. She gave a sudden twist and tried to break away, but it was impossible. Now she was being held by two persons. "Oh!" she thought, "is there no way to escape?" Then, as if by impulse, she began screaming and kicking. A fight ensued. The little strength which Betty possessed was now put in full play. At last she succeeded in kicking her first captor over. In the fall his head hit the iron railing of the porch and he remained unconscious for some time. What could she do? What *could* she do? A thought struck her while she was still wrestling with Sheldon. This person was holding her by the wrist and was trying to pull her through the door which connected with the so-called parlor. Betty, unperceived, quietly stooped, took off one of her pretty high-heeled slippers. The fates aided her in this project by the darkness. Holding the slipper by the toe, she hit him over the left temple and Sheldon directly fell over senseless. Betty looked and saw him lying there very pale. "Oh! What have I done!" she screamed.

She was standing in the parlor, bending over her victim. Her eyes spoke of horror and her face of pain. Had she killed him? But—what? Her pulse quickened. What was that noise in the next room? She was about to pick up the remains of her coat and run away from the house when suddenly she turned and beheld——what was she, woman or animal?

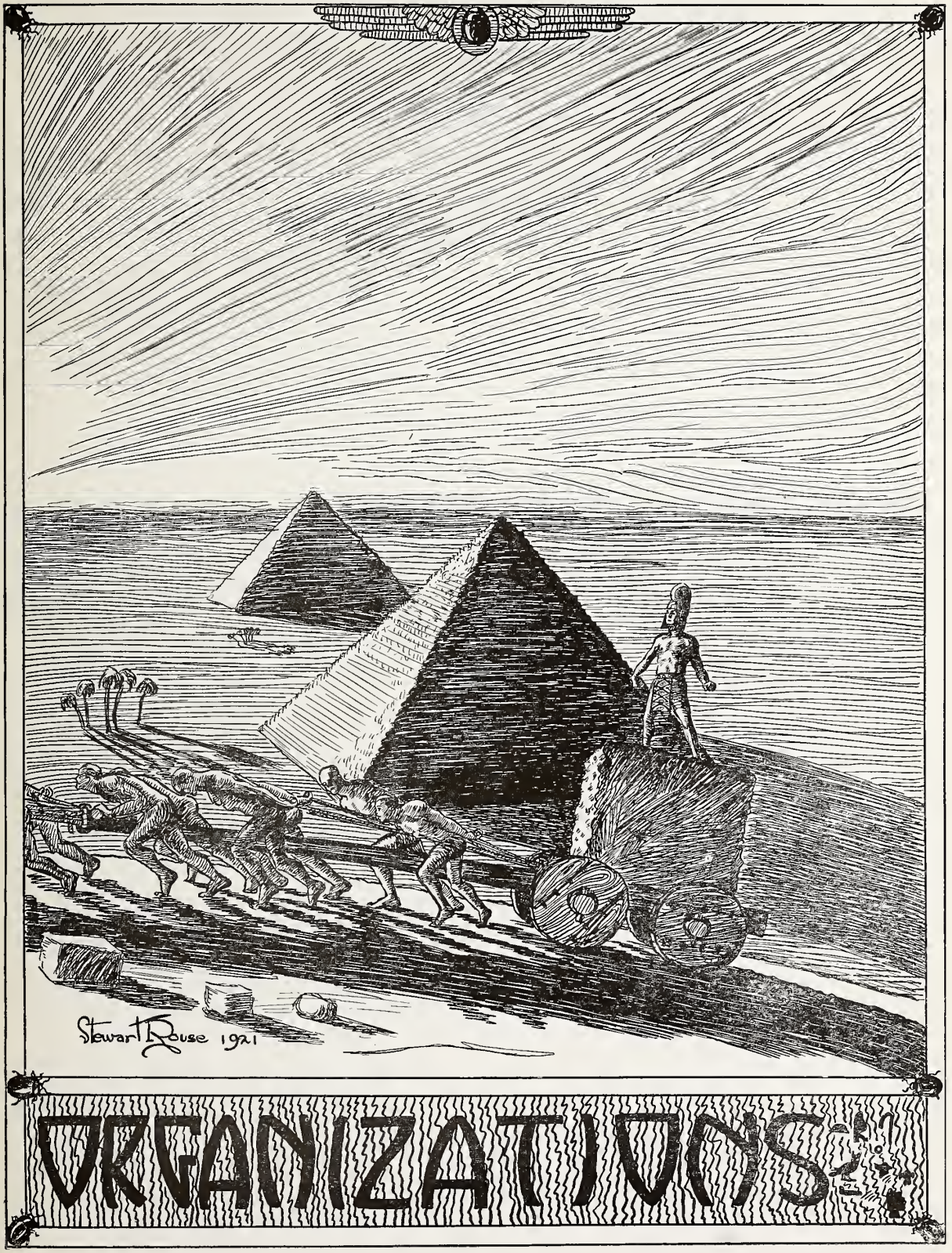
The animal which she beheld was a woman. Her gray hairs were straggled all over her face. She had only four teeth in all, two at the top and two at the bottom. She had small, cattish eyes which flashed a message of—"There'll be the devil to pay, young lady!" She was, in fact, a typical hag.

This animal, whose passion had reached its *nth* degree, came up to Betty, tore the coat from her arm and said, "Sit down, young wretch; don't you dare stir. "You'll not get out of here tonight. Sit down, I say!"

Betty was too much frightened to disobey. What *was* it all about? Who was this hag? How came she here? What part did she play in this game Still Betty sat speechless on the edge of her chair.

The hag's eyes continued to flash fire; yet Betty's still retained some expression of —what was it? At any rate, the old woman could not make it out.

Continued on Page 115


Stewart Rouse 1921
ORGANIZATIONS

Top Row, Left to Right—Madeline Hahn, Lucile Esslinger, Anne Funk, Lorene Esslinger, Mary Kitchen, Simone Stassit.
Bottom Row, Left to Right—Ruth Cundiff, Lucinda Clark, Mary Sebat, Gladys Hackney, Margaret Seward.

Girls' Club

ONE of the main purposes of the Girls' Club is to get the girls acquainted with one another, and make them interested in other beneficial activities outside of their school work. The meetings are divided into four groups: patriotic, religious, social and educational. Each meeting is preceded by a social hour.

At the cabinet meetings, which are composed of the officers, advisers and committees, it was proposed that a Dewey Club be organized to prepare to send delegates to the annual conference, and it is hoped that this suggestion may soon be put into effect. Every year this school has sent four delegates and an adviser to this conference, but we hope that we can send more this year.

This year our Christmas party for the poor children was not as large as the preceding year, but no one can say that it was not as enjoyable. The money raised to give this party was donated by students and people outside who are interested in the club.

In connection with our club, we also donated fifty dollars to the Y. W. C. A. building fund; care for two war orphans; and sold tags for benefits on several occasions.

Mary Sebat.

Top Row, Left to Right—Carl Woolsey, W. C. Baer, Jean Woolsey, J. E. Wakeley.
Bottom Row, Left to Right—Charles Buchele, Floyd Thompson, Wilbur Dice, Bob Johnson.

Boys' Athletic Association

IN the fall of 1920 the members of the Boys' Athletic Association elected the following officers for the school year: President, Floyd Thompson; Vice-President, Bob Johnson; Secretary, Charles Buchele; Business Manager, Wilbur Dice.

According to the new constitution made last winter and spring, with the help of ex-President Joe Bailey, an executive board was formed, consisting of the athletic coaches, the principal of the school, the managers of the teams, the advertising manager, the captains of the teams, and the general officers of the association. The members of the board have worked hard, and by getting such a large membership to the association and also by "pushing" the games, means for new equipment for both the football and basketball teams were raised before the close of the season.

Everybody joins with the Medley staff in thanking the Boys' Athletic Association for their wonderful support and the way in which they have helped to make this year a success.

Bob Johnson.

Top Row, Left to Right—Corwin Gelwick, Miss Sandeson, W. B. Barton, Madison Geddes, Laverne Comrie.
Bottom Row, Left to Right—Madeline Hahn, Alfred LeConte, Philip Soneson, Gladys Hackney.

Wranglers' Club

ANOTHER page has just been added to the eventful history of the Wranglers. This past year has been a crucial one. The time has come when many have apparently lost interest in the art of public speaking. A too small number have taken active participation. The club started the year composed mainly of new members, but what they lacked in the rudiments of public speaking, they more than made up in spirit and in willingness.

In spite of difficulties, the club has made steady, unhampered progress. There have been held regular meetings. The programs have been interesting and beneficial. No better advisers could have been secured. Numerous social functions have helped to make the year an enjoyable one.

All those who have taken active part in public speaking thoroughly enjoy the work, and also reap a great benefit. We can only hope that many more could be made to realize its great significance. Inter-class debating is certainly needed, for it would arouse interest in debating, and, furthermore, allow a much greater number to take part. The wonderful fascination of debating should in the future be more universally enjoyed by the students of D. H. S.

Alfred LeConte.

Top Row, Left to Right—Alice Bishop, Gene Freeman, Miss Taber, Dorothy Bredehoft.
Bottom Row, Left to Right—Eleanor Olmsted, Virginia Sheets, Martha Ann Wilson, Edith May Whitfield.

Athedarians

ALTHOUGH the club was a little late in getting organized, it has done some splendid work this year. Its purpose is to promote the dramatic activities of the school. Entering into no interclass or interscholastic contests, its members work for the entertainment of the school as a whole. They have made many a party and many a program very interesting with their plays.

Maroon and White

NEVER before has the Maroon and White staff encountered so many big problems as has the staff of 1920-1921. However, working under many handicaps, the staff has given the students a magazine of excellent quality

The publication involves a circulation of eight hundred copies per issue and an expenditure of nearly one thousand dollars. The magazine is published seven times during the school year, and is entirely edited by the student body.

The retiring staff wishes to thank all students who have contributed material, and the members of the faculty who have given much of their valuable time in order that the publication might be a success.

The staff, with a feeling of satisfaction, turn over to their successors a magazine with a still high standard; and to the staff of 1921-1922 they wish the greatest of success in publishing the "best ever."

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief	John Fendley
Business Manager	George Symons
Circulation Manager	Madison Geddes
Assistant Editor-in-Chief	Robert Leonard Philip Soneson
Assistant Business Manager	Floyd Thompson Tom Dale
Literary Editor	Martha Ann Wilson
Assistant Literary Editor	Sara Lou Dague Florence Phillips
News Editor	Eleanor Olmsted
Assistant News Editor	Kenneth Foster
Art Staff	Stewart Rouse Lowell Kirby Percy Smith
Athletic Editor	Melvin Hall
Assistant Athletic Editor	Charles Baum
Humorous Editor	Louize Chapman
Assistant Humorous Editor	Mack Raimer

E. OLMSTED

F. THOMPSON

M. RAIMER

R. LEONARD

M. GEDDES

G. SYMONS

P. SMITH

L. D. KERBY

MAROON AND WHITE STAFF 1920 1921

J. FENDLAY

S. L. DAGUE

M. A. WILSON

L. CHAPMAN

F. PHILLIPS

T. DALE

S. ROUSE

K. FOSTER

M. HALL

The Band

DURING the last week in October a call came from Room A to those interested in the organization of a school band. Seventeen boys answered, and fourteen of these are of the twenty-five present members. The school purchased some instruments; some of the members have purchased their own; and the concert given by the band furnished funds for uniforms.

Mention of music in D. H. S. without mentioning the orchestra is to leave a task unfinished. Florence, Joe, Leon, Kenneth and Francis have always been on deck for games, parties and programs. They need no introduction.

The following are charter members of the band: cornets, Ferris Osborne, Herbert McConnel, Ralph Black, James Gelwick, Donald Sink, Glen Detweiler; horns, Charles Handley, Benton Jones; trombones, John Lovell, Marvin Reed, Charles Kincade, James Dove, Kenneth Wilson; baritone, William Cox; clarinets, Ralph Black, Lawrence Roy, Orville Minniear, William Buckellew, George Hale; piccolo, Paul Cummins; alto saxaphone, Joe Watt; basses, Willet Bushong, John Funk; drums, Francis Barton, William Wherry.

Girls' Glee Club

IN the Girls' Glee Club this year there are twenty girls. Under the direction of Mrs. Will T. Shaffer, the same director as last year, the girls have been regular at practice, and have accomplished much in the way of technique and music.

Although the club is composed of mostly all new girls, it is shown that under the direction of Mrs. Shaffer the girls can sing. The girls feel proud of this, because although we only practice once a week, we know that the time is not given up for nothing.

The club has only appeared before the assembly once—the Christmas program—and at that time sang two selections.

It has been announced that the club will take part in the district and county contests.

LUCILLE MORRIS.

HELEN BUCHELE, MADGE FOOTE
WAYNE WHITE KENNETH HUFFMAN ROBERT STEPHENS

Science Club

THE Science Club this year has been very active. Its weekly meetings were held every Thursday, and many profitable talks made by the officers and the advisers. There have also been many interesting industrial trips to the large manufacturing plants. One of the most interesting trips was taken to Danville's largest wireless stations.

There is, however, another side to the club besides the scientific one, and that is their social gatherings, parties and entertainments.

They have a jolly good time at their parties, just as the other clubs of the school do.

J. MCDONALD.

Treasury Staff

THE Treasury Staff is composed of students from the commercial department who handle the books of the various school organizations. This is "practicing what is preached."

The work consists in selling tickets, collecting receipts and issuing checks.,making financial statements, banking and keeping necessary records.

The finances handled by the staff were larger this year that ever before. The staff is to be commended for its excellent work.

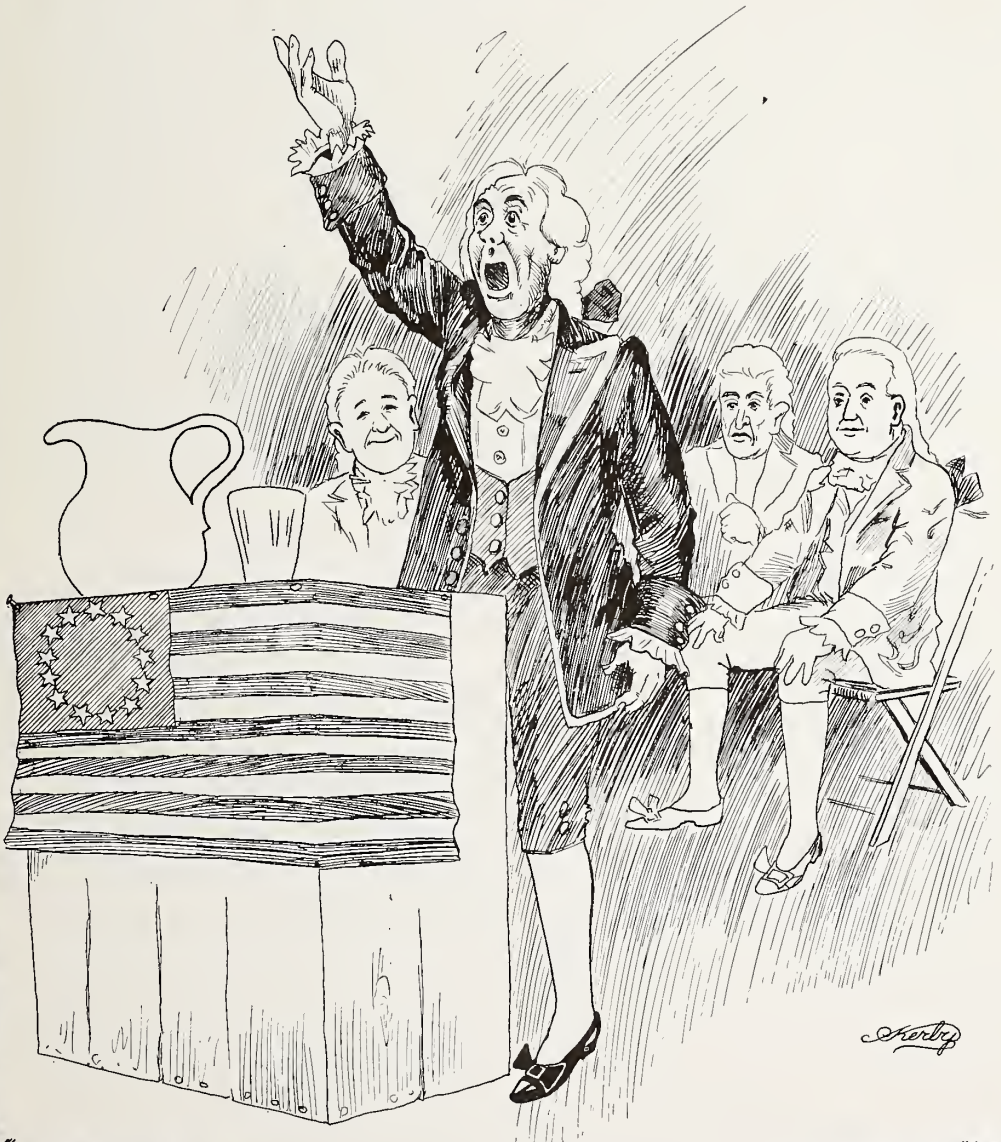
Faculty Auditors: A. R. Roggy, E. H. Rayl

Student Assistants: Charles Buchele, Emma Poggendorf, Pauline Schmidt

—E. H. Rayl.

MISS MILLER
MR. BAER
KAYE KOGGY BARTON
MISS PAYNE
MISS TABER
STUDENTS? OR THE "MEDLEY"?
TRAVELLING?
DUKE
THE DAM!!
COME ON IN!
MARY
BERNICE
"GYP"
JOE & MILDRED
DON CASTLE
M E S.
"FAT"
AGAIN!!
HAZEL

ORATORY



Miss Sandeson Corwin Gelwick Madison Geddes Philip Soneson

Affirmative Team

THE 1921 affirmative debating team held high the D. H. S. standard of interscholastic debating. The ability of the individual members was shown by their skill in organization of material, in effective rebuttal and in forceful delivery. Supporting the affirmative that the "United States should permanently retain the Philippine Islands," Madison Geddes, as first speaker, presented the various problems involved and emphasized the Japanese menace. He won the approval of the audience by an interesting and vigorous analysis. His platform appearance and delivery were exceptionally good. The second speaker, Corwin Gelwick, was clearly the master of his field in the handling of the international danger of independence. The points on this issue that the negatve raised, he annihilated in a splendid rebuttal. Placed in the hazardous position of last speaker, Philip Soneson effectively presented the character of the people and their land, and offered the solution. Skillfully placing his points in such a way as to make them difficult to refute, he clinched the opinion all the speakers had created. Concerning the team as a whole, one may say it was teamwork, a wide knowledge of the subject and the application of debating technique that spelled success.

The decision was, Urbana, 1; Danville, 2.

Ruth Sandeson.

PHILIP EMLEY JOHN PUGH ROBERT STEPHENS WILLIAM B. BARTON

Negative Team

IT was teamwork that won for the negatives against Urbana. Not the work of a single individual brought the victory, but the co-operative work of the three individuals. The team went on the platform at Urbana with the slogan "Fight!" This spirit dominated the team from start to finish. Robert Stephens opened the case for the negatives with the enthusiasm always necessary to make a strong impression on the audience at the outset. His zeal for his subject, his convincing language and his platform presence completely annihilated everything said by Urbana's first speaker. Philip Emley, whose commanding personality on the platform, and well organized speech re-inforced everything said by Stephens, and further crippled the Urbana trio. John Pugh, as our third speaker, "served up" the case for Danville. His analytical handling of every issue, splendid choice of words, and mature speaking characteristics distinguished him as an old hand at the game, and made the decision certain. His one difficulty was that he found little left to attack, his colleagues having done their work so well. The rebuttals very largely repeated the story of the main speeches.

The verdict was, Urbana, 1; Danville, 2.

WM. B BARTON.

Affirmative Debate

SPIRITED music by the band was the beginning of an evening memorable in D. H. S. debating. Friday, February 11, 1921, was a red letter day, both here and at Urbana. Victory is sweet, particularly when so clearly won by Danville. Although Morris Evans, Philip Hundley and Nora Noll put up a good fight, they lacked in delivery and in the convincing powers which Geddes, Gelwick and Soneson had.

Monday the victory was celebrated at one of those blessings of D. H. S.—an assembly;—and still later when the medals were presented to both teams. But that evening the members of the Urbana team and the coach were guests of honor at a delightful banquet at the Elks Grill. The toastmaster, Alfred LeConte, appropriately and cleverly introduced the various speakers. When the chairs had been pushed back from the tables and the last word had been spoken, Danville and Urbana parted until next year—friendly and admirable rivals.

The Bell Hop,

Lowell Kerby.

Negative Debate at Urbana

VICTORY was what the negative team went to Urbana to get—and they "brought home the bacon" for the second time in eight years. Phil Emley's sonorous voice, coupled with Bob Stephen's oratory and John Pugh's interminable head-shaking and tongue-lashing, gave the star debater on Urbana's negative team, Nesta Fitzgerald, her cute colleague, Kitty Kempner, and the male supporter of our worthy opponents, Richard Woolbert, but a "slim chance"; and Mr. Barton's coaching reduced this chance to a mere vision. But the Urbana team were sports, and banqueted the Danville team and their friends with a real feed in their cafeteria. Mr. Flannigam, the Urbana principal, was the toastmaster at this banquet, and also proved himself a worthy host.

To the victor belongs the spoils. Take off your hats to Robert, Philip, John, and their competent coach, William B. Barton.

The Water Carrier.

—Harold Atherton

Spring Literary Activities

A great deal of interest was shown by the students in the spring literary activities. In every contest in the school competition ran high. In fact, so much talent and enthusiasm was displayed by those who participated that it was with great difficulty that the judges were able to decide upon who should represent the school. And well did they decide. We feel that the alert, most capable, most effective speakers in the school were selected and we know their power to uphold the honor and fame of "Our School."

Lucille Schroeder, in contest with all the Juniors and Seniors of the school, won first in original orations. "Lincoln: His Passion for Knowledge," an oration of her own composition, shows well her powers of expression. This entitles her to represent the school in the Vermilion County Oratorical Contest, May 14, at Westville.

John Pugh won the Extempore Speaking Contest. He is the best all-around literary man in the school this year—won first prize in the district contest at Oakwood, and will represent D. H. S. in the county contest.

Mabel Krauel represented the school in dramatic contests at Oakwood, Charleston, and will represent it at Westville. She is a charming, pleasing little speaker, showing rare ability.

Beulah Radebaugh, 1920 winner of the Charleston contest in dramatics, represented the school this year in humor, at Charleston.

Harry Colberg, a Sophomore, was our representative at Charleston in the memorized oratorical contests. He shows unusual powers as a speaker, and being only a Sophomore, has a wonderful opportunity open to him.

DISTRICT CONTEST AT OAKWOOD—April

Our two representatives, Mabel Krauel and John Pugh, won two easy first places. This was the district contest between Oakwood, Catlin and Danville. It might also be mentioned, the Girls' Glee Club won first in music. A large number of loyal Danville students were present. This contest decided the representatives from this district in the county contest.

CHARLESTON CONTEST—May 7

Our three contestants, Mabel Krauel, Beulah Radebaugh and Harry Colberg, went to Charleston to represent Danville against other leading high schools of central and southern Illinois. Although they failed to place, we know that Danville was ably represented. Simply "best man wins." Beulah Radebaugh won in the preliminaries and reached the finals, but was eliminated there.

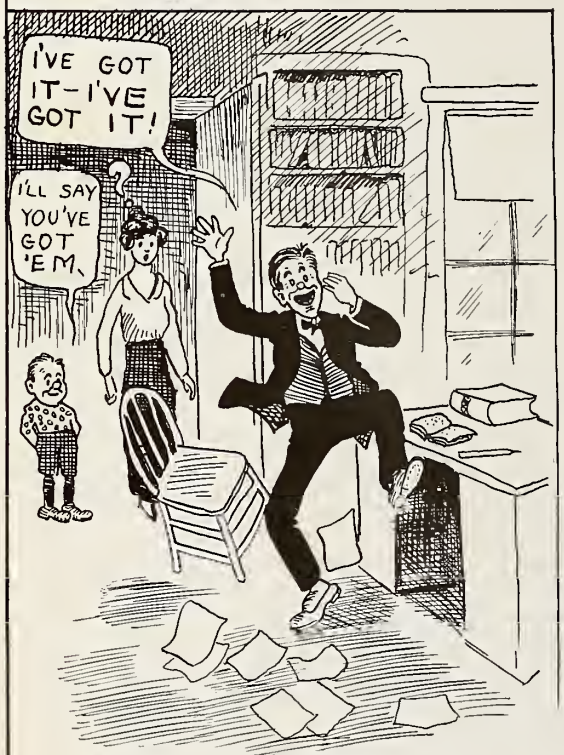
COUNTY CONTEST

At the time of this writing we are looking forward to the county contest at Westville High School, May 14. Danville will be represented in the literary contest by Lucille Schroeder, Mabel Krauel and John Pugh; and in the track and field meet by our track team. The M. and W. Band will be on hand to play hard for the good old Maroon and White.

M. Geddes.

HE IS NOT SO HARD TO DRAW- HE'S A MIGHTY NICE FELLER TOO

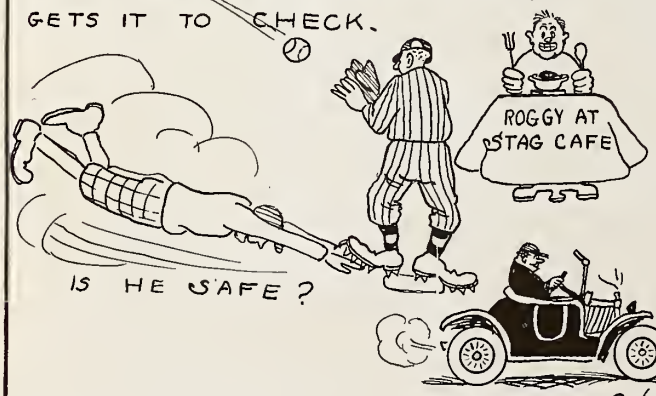
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ONE THIS FAR SHOT



AFTER WORKING VERY HARD FOR TWO HOURS ON A TRIG. PROBLEM-? THIS SENIOR DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS THE RIGHT ANSWER AND GETS IT TO CHECK.

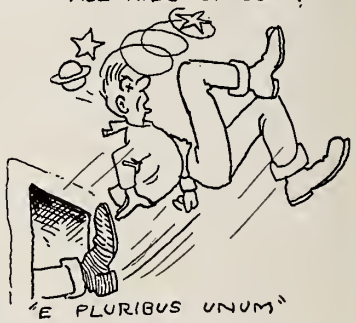
EXTRA!

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS-? WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SECURE THIS PHOTO OF KENNETH HUFFMAN- IT WAS TAKEN WHEN HE WAS YOUNG - THAT IS ALRIGHT KENNETH, WE WERE ALL KIDS ONCE-?



IS HE SAFE?

GUESS WHO? (J.B.)



"E PLURIBUS UNUM"

LOCAL SENIOR TAKES HIS BEST GIRL HOME-IS INTRODUCED TO "PAPA" AND--WELL LOOK AT THE PICTURE - EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY.

Herby

ACTIVITIES

D. H. S. Trifles

AS has been the custom for the past years, the Girls' Club offered their annual entertainment under the "nifty" name of "D. H. S. Trifles." It may well be said that this entertainment was the best ever presented.

The first number, a little playlet entitled "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," was entirely carried out by telephone conversations held throughout the play. The various roles were taken by Anne Funk, Sara Lou Dague, Emma Phillips and Helen Buchele.

Then came the chorus, and, garbed as gypsies, the girls made an enviable showing. Mary Sebat gave a solo and Georgia Fisher followed with a solo dance. Miss Thies acted as accompanist for all the numbers of the chorus.

Then came the fun of the evening—the minstrel. Louise Miller was "Doc," a dentist dressed in the immaculate coat of that profession. Her patient, "Dardanella" (Helen Werner) was dressed in loud stockings, clashing waist, long skirt and ludicrous hat. During a painful operation with a pair of pliers and a screw driver, they told each other all the D. H. S. scandal and all of the latest jokes.

Lucinda Clarke and Mildred Towne gave an Irish folk dance, followed by a dance given by five small girls, pupils of Miss Dickman's dancing class.

To cap it all, a one-act comedy, "Our Aunt from California," was offered, to the great approval of the audience. Those playing the parts were Gladys Hackney, Neva Gish, Madeline Hahn, Hannah Heslip, Helen Saxon, Gertrude Karnes. This play was given under the supervision of Miss Harris and Miss Smothers. Miss Payne was "General Superviser of the Show," and was asisted by the advisers of the club.

The Jazz Orchestra played their usual role, and cheered up the atmosphere before and after curtains with some of their choice selections.

Formal Coming Out of the Band

THURSDAY, April 28th, witnessed the formal coming out of George Washington Patrick's great high school band. Never in the long history of that old hall did the assembly ever experience such enthusiasm as it did as the maroon-and-white-clad musicians trod the platform. They were formally escorted by the acting drum major, Glen Detweiler. The program was equal to one offered by professionals. Classical presentations mingled with the usual fun, made the program extremely entertaining. Danville High School may well be proud of their band and grateful to the man who is directly responsible for its success.

It is to be regretted that more space can not be given to an organization which has done so much for old D. H. S., and it is to be hoped that Mr. Patrick will return next year and make this high school band known throughout the state.

Parties of Classes and Organizations

SOPHS

The Sophomores had two parties during the school year. The first was a hayrack ride and weiner roast combined. Every one who attended, even the mighty Seniors who acted as the uninvited guests, had a good time. Their second social function was a party in the Washington auditorium. This was another great success and tended to bring the class-men together in better fellowship.

JUNIORS

The Juniors, after a few attempts to have their socials with Seniors, had an enjoyable party in the Washington auditorium.

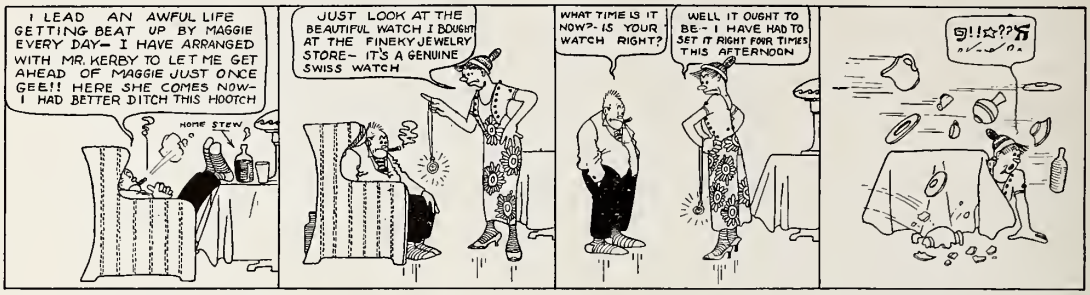
SENIORS

The Seniors, in addition to their party with the Juniors, had a little "get-together" in the Washington auditorium., and even the "Mightiest" had a good time. The program of the evening consisted of talks by various members of the faculty, climaxed by a talk by the president of the class.

Organizations

ALL of the organizations of the school have had some enjoyable parties this year although they were not as numerous as in the former years because of the ruling that all parties must be held in the Washington Auditorium.

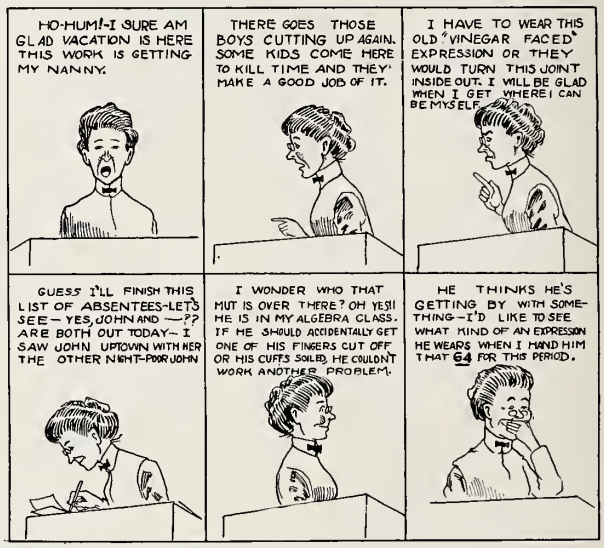
The Science Club has also followed its former custom and had a great many field trips which always prove equally enjoyable and educational.

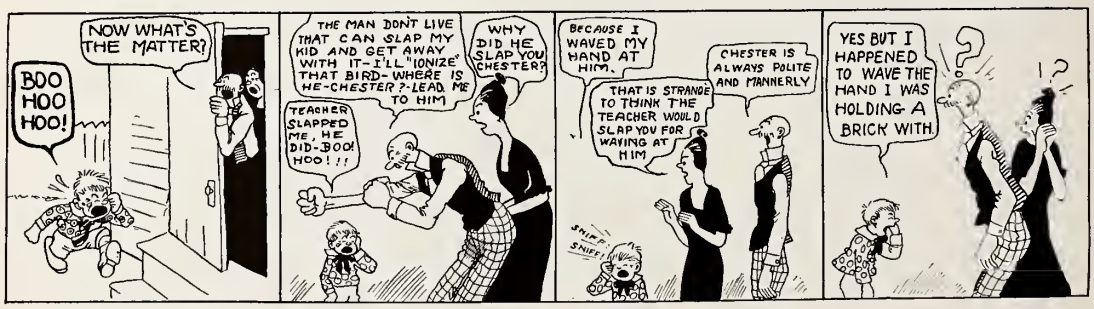

I LEAD AN AWFUL LIFE GETTING BEAT UP BY MAGGIE EVERY DAY- I HAVE ARRANGED WITH MR. KERBY TO LET ME GET AHEAD OF MAGGIE JUST ONCE GEE!! HERE SHE COMES NOW- I HAD BETTER DITCH THIS HOOTCH
HOME STEW
JUST LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL WATCH I BOUGHT AT THE FINEKY JEWELRY STORE- IT'S A GENUINE SWISS WATCH
WHAT TIME IS IT NOW?- IS YOUR WATCH RIGHT?
WELL IT OUGHT TO BE- I HAVE HAD TO SET IT RIGHT FOUR TIMES THIS AFTERNOON

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

FRIENDS ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN, LOAN ME YOUR EARS. I COME TO PHRASE CAESAR, NOT TO BURY HIM- E-ER-I MEAN-I COME TO BURY CAESAR AND NOT TO BURY HIM- OR- E-ER-GULP- OH WELL! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN-
TEE HEE
Oral themes today ~ English 1-1

WONDER WHAT THE ASSEMBLY TEACHER THINKS ABOUT


HO-HUM!-I SURE AM GLAD VACATION IS HERE THIS WORK IS GETTING MY NANNY.
THERE GOES THOSE BOYS CUTTING UP AGAIN. SOME KIDS COME HERE TO KILL TIME AND THEY MAKE A GOOD JOB OF IT.
I HAVE TO WEAR THIS OLD "VINEGAR FACED" EXPRESSION OR THEY WOULD TURN THIS JOINT INSIDE OUT. I WILL BE GLAD WHEN I GET WHERE I CAN BE MYSELF
GUESS I'LL FINISH THIS LIST OF ABSENTEES-LET'S SEE- YES, JOHN AND —?? ARE BOTH OUT TODAY- I SAW JOHN UPTOWN WITH HER THE OTHER NIGHT-POOR JOHN
I WONDER WHO THAT MUT IS OVER THERE? OH YES!! HE IS IN MY ALGEBRA CLASS. IF HE SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY GET ONE OF HIS FINGERS CUT OFF OR HIS CUFFS SOILED, HE COULDN'T WORK ANOTHER PROBLEM.
HE THINKS HE'S GETTING BY WITH SOMETHING- I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT KIND OF AN EXPRESSION HE WEARS WHEN I HAND HIM THAT 64 FOR THIS PERIOD.


NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER?
BOO HOO HOO!
THE MAN DON'T LIVE THAT CAN SLAP MY KID AND GET AWAY WITH IT- I'LL 'IONIZE' THAT BIRD- WHERE IS HE-CHESTER?- LEAD ME TO HIM
WHY DID HE SLAP YOU CHESTER?
TEACHER SLAPPED ME, HE DID-BOO HOO!!!
BECAUSE I WAVED MY HAND AT HIM.
THAT IS STRANGE TO THINK THE TEACHER WOULD SLAP YOU FOR WAVING AT HIM
CHESTER IS ALWAYS POLITE AND MANNERLY
SNIFF SNIFF
YES BUT I HAPPENED TO WAVE THE HAND I WAS HOLDING A BRICK WITH
? ? !?

WITH APOLOGIES TO
G. MEM.-C.B.-S.M

ALUMNI

Baccalaureate

THE baccalaurate sermon to the class of 1920 was given Sunday, June 6th, 1920, by Rev. G. H. Simonson of the First Presbyterian Church. The service was attended by a large audience of friends and relatives of the outgoing class, and the service was a most impressive one.

Class Night

CLASS night at Washington Auditorium, June 9, was a most enjoyable event. The presentation of "Retaming of the Shrew" was a great success. The following is the program of the evening.

I. PROLOGUE - - - - - - - - - HOLLAND WILLIAMSON

II. CLASS SONG (Words by C. Kinnaird) - - - - SENIOR CLASS
Music by A. M. Lindle.

III. a.—CLASS PRESENTATION
President of Senior Class - - - - - EDWARD LESCH

b—JUNIOR CLASS ACCEPTANCE
President of Junior Class - - - - - KENNETH SMITH

IV. CLASS HISTORY - - - - - - - - CHRISTINE KINNAIRD
(Written by C. Kinnaird)

V. CLASS WILL - - - - - - - - - - - HOUSTON CLINCH
(Written by L. Goldberg, E. Walker and H. Williamson)

VI. CLASS PROPHECY - - - - - - - - LESTER GOLDBERG
(Written by L. Goldberg, E. Walker and H. Williamson)

VII. MINUET - - - - - - - - - - - - - SENIOR GIRLS
(Directed by Miss G. Payne)

REVA RADEBAUGH	OPAL GAMMEL
EFFIE CALLAIS	LORENA McCOY
FRANCES McINTYRE	KATHLEEN CRAYTON
NINA FARIS	ALBERTA ALBERT
JEWELL SECHREST	RUTH CRUMP
VERA GOODWIN	LILLIAN LEVERICH
INEZ ACTON	EDNA CONOVER
EDITH BERRY	LELA CAMPBELL

(Music by Elizabeth Olmsted)

VIII. RETAMING OF THE SHREW

Petruchio	WILLIAM COLLIGNON
Angelo	HOLLAND WILLIAMSON
Duke of Illyria	EDWIN JACKSON
Othello	RUSSELL DUFFIN
Macbeth	VERNON BROWN
Grumio	RUSSELL ACTON
Katherine	REVA ELLETT
Mariana	ELIZABETH OLMSTED
Viola	VERA O'CONNELL
Desdemonia	FERN HODGE
Lady Macbeth	SARAH HAY

Commencement

THE commencement of the Class of 1920 was held Thursday, June 10th, 1920, at 8:15, at Washington auditorium. The address of the evening was given by Dr. L. C. Lord, president of the Eastern Illinois State Normal School. The diplomas were presented by Mr. O. M. Jones, and a response for the class was made by its president, Edw. C. Lesch.

Class of 1920

Inez Opal Acton
Russell D. Acton
Alberta Mae Albert
Virginia Marguerite Arter
Delores M. Barker
Eugene Herbert Baum
Edith Florence Berry
Donald M. Best
Lucy Beyer
Arthur R. Brandenberger
Vernon W. Brown
Effie Callais
Lela Campbell
Elizabeth Ann Chesley
Houston Clinch
William J. Collignon
Edna M. Conover
Kathleen Crayton
Ruth Crump
Alma Jane Deeken
Beulah Winifred Deeken
Grace Diffenderfer
Maybell Dougherty
Russell M. Duffin
J. Roy Edwards
Elsie Lois Elder
Reva Jane Ellett
Anne Ludlow English
Nina Charlotte Faris
Frances Fern Forgey
Emil Freimeyer
Ruth Irene Frizzell
Opal E. C. Gammel
Earl W. Gasthoff
Mildred M. Glindmeier
Lester Goldberg
Vera Lois Goodwin
Ruth Margaret Greene
Hazel Elizabeth Gutterridge
Robert Hackett
Frances H. Hall
Ernest F. Hamilton
Clyde Benton Harris
Gertrude L. Haworth
Sarah Frances Hay
Weldon J. Hiatt
Fern Hodge
Nina Hodges
Ruth E. Hosch
Charles Edwin Jackson, Jr.
Washburn James
William Ray Jewell
Walter E. Kaufman
Christine Kinnaird
Dorothy Krauel
Edward C. Lesch
Lillian Alice Leverich
Rose Leverich
Annie Mai Lindle
Helen McCalman
Lorena Martha McCoy
Frances Gertrude McIntyre
Charles B. Moore
Robert H. Middleton
Jessie L. Moore
Margaret Jane Moore
Hazel Morrison
Helen E. North
Ercel Vera O'Connell
Elizabeth Olmsted
Howard L. Ost
Arleigh O'Sullivan
Hazel J. Palmer
Wilda L. Parker
Joseph Cannon Payne
Adrian Arthur Purvis
Reva M. Radebaugh
Francis George Rearick
Frances W. Ruda
Donald V. Schoolcraft
Jewell Sechrest
John Slazas
Elizabeth Rosemary Smith
Vera Lulu Smith
Walt H. Stellner
Gordon R. Telling
Edith Ruth Tilton
Esther Mae Walker
Glendora Louise Webb
J. Ells Whitman
Leona Catherine Wodetzki
Mary A. Yeazel

Class Song

1921

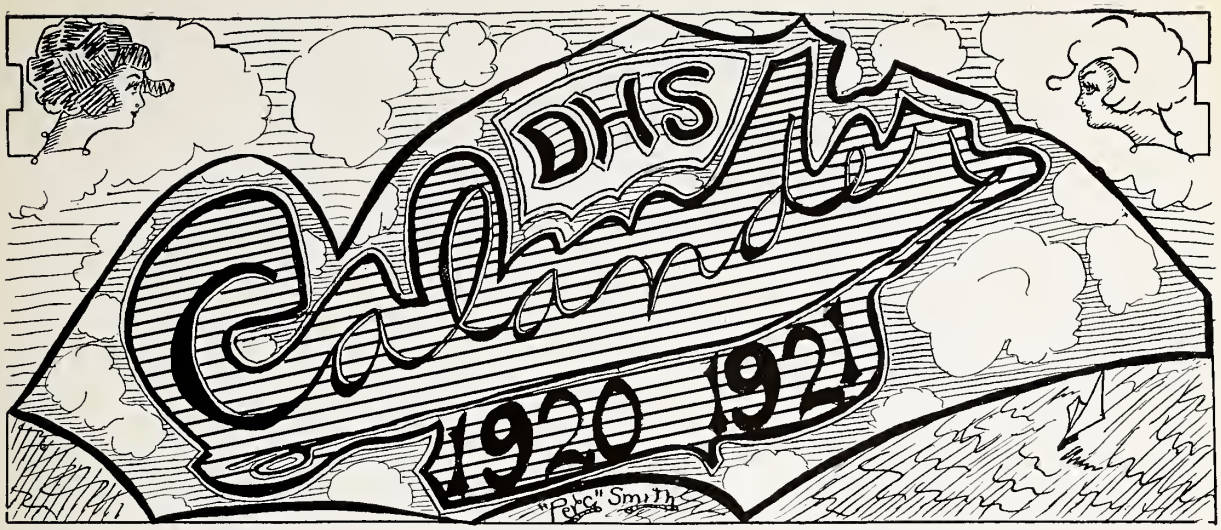
Words by John Fendley. Music by Emma Williamson.

Four years ago we entered school,
So green and out of place;
Today we leave with sadness,
The world to fight and face.

Chorus:

Here's to old Danville High—the Class of 'Twenty-one!
We sing of all our many joys, and all our honors won.
"Live and let live" is the rule that each one knows will pay;
And we'll not fear when tomorrow brings a thought of yesterday

Our problems are not ended yet;
In work we'll have one aim—
Love dear old Danville High School best,
And uphold her glorious name.



SEPTEMBER

7—Football meeting. New teachers. We have a new Annex. Woodbury's crammed as usual. Gobs of new faces.
8—Miss Hawkins is back. School begins.
9.—Nothing doing.
10—Maroon and White meeting.. Enrollment cards filled out.
13—All debaters out for first Wrangler meeting.
14—Last day to hand in names for Maroon and White offices.
15—Rained all day|. First Girls' Club meeting.
16—No program. B. A. A. caucus. Football practice.
17—Meetings galore. Medley and Maroon and White.
20—Band meeting. Football meeting.
21—Not much doing. Boys' Athletic Association dues due.
22—B. A. A. election. Girls' Club meeting.
23—Fair prizes awarded—some get rich quick. Junior caucus.
24—Hurray! Program. Mr. Harrison spoke. M. & W. meeting.
27—Wrangler meeting.
28—Science Club meeting. Sophomore caucus.
29—Question Box meeting at Girl' Club. M. & W. program—700 subscribers. Senior election.
30—Glee Club meeting. Junior election.

OCTOBER

1—Soph caucus. Program again. Lots of good yells. Science Club trip.
4—Wrangler meeting.
5—Senior meeting postponed.
6—Girls' Club meeting. Meeting of Junior-Senior Social Committees.
7—Glee Club meeting.
8—Soph meeting. Football program. Lots of pep.
11—Hurrah! We WON the game. Big program! Wrangler meeting.
12—Band meeting.
13—Girls' Club meeting.
14—No program. Science Club meeting.
15— Program. M. & W. issued.

18—Blue Monday—rain and report cards! Wranglers' meeting.
19—Honor Roll cards due. Tickets for Urbana game on sale.
20—Girls' Club meeting. Junior and Senior Social Committee meeting. Teachers voted to pay assessments to parties.
21—"D" election. Glee Club rehearsal postponed. Science Club meeting. Pep program. No school tomorrow.
22—Vacation.
23—Wranglers meeting. Band meeting.
26—Athedarian meeting. M. & W. meeting. Sign up for Science Club party. Carl Woolsey elected "D" president. Band rehearsal.
27—Girls' Club meeting. Program! Mr. Goodwin, of New York, spoke.
28—Science Club meeting. *Another program.* Glee Club rehearsal. Senior picture taken.
29—Orchestra organized. Athletic program.

NOVEMBER

1—Wranglers meeting. Band practice. Football meeting.
2—Tickets for Champaign game out.
3—Wranglers sign up for party. Girls' Club meeting.
4—Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club meeting. Football meeting.
5—Athedarian meeting. Science Club field trip.
8—Some more meeting—Wranglers and Athedarians.
9—Miss Taber spoke for Girls' Club. Westville tickets on sale.
10—Girls' Club meet.
11—*Exams.*
12—Orchestra practice. More exams.
15—Music reports due. M. & W. out. Junior Pin Committee meeting. Athedarian election. Wranglers meeting.
16—Medley staff meeting. Ask your Freshie for the "kid" party. Tickets for the Thanksgiving game on sale. Junior Class meeting to select pins.
17—Girls' Club meeting. Orders for pins.
18—M. & W. meeting. Glee Club meeting. Science Club meeting. Social Committee of Girls' Club meeting at noon.
19—No school! Hurray!!
22—Wranglers meeting. Athedarian meeting. Pictures for Medley finished. Report cards out. Smiling faces again?
23—Shoe and stocking fund $91.05. Mass meeting for boys. Honor roll cards due. Athletic Association meets first hour.
24—Junior pin orders in. All report cards due. School out at 2:30. Five periods in A. M. Pep meeting!
25—Thanksgiving and turkey! We won the game!
26—Vacation for after effects.
29—Wranglers meeting. Junior pin orders sent in. Honor roll list posted on bulletin board. Football equipment turned in. Senior meeting.

30—Program! Talk on Near East Relief. Medley art staff meet. Girls' Club picture taken. Sophomore class meeting. Circulars passed out for Near East Relief Fund.

DECEMBER

1—All appointments postponed until tomorrow. Soph collection for flowers for Henry Claggett. School dismissed at 2:50 for funeral.
2—Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club meeting.
3—Nothing doing.
6—Wranglers meet. Meeting of basketball candidates.
7—Debate try-outs. School Week being observed. Mr. Baer read announcement for School Week. Every one sign for Senior party.
8—B. A. A. meeting. Election of basketball captain. Senior party indefinitely postponed. Art exhibit at Chamber of Commerce. Debate teams selected. Girls' Club meeting.
9—Science Club meet. Glee Club rehearsal. Program by new debaters.
10—Question Box meeting next Wednesday. End of third period.
13—Wrangler meet. Music reports due Tuesday. Election of football and basketball captains. Mr. Baer explained courses of study for second semester.
14—Sign up for Science Club party and pay dues. Thompson is basketball captain this season.
15—Mr. Baer explained about programs for new semester. Girls' Club meeting.
16—Mrs. Dow explained about Tuberculosis Fund. Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club meet. M. & W.'s out.
17—Basketball schedule completed. Programs for new semester. Science Club party.
18—Wrangler meet. Reports again. Girls' Club to sell chocolate at noon for orphan. Collection for Vermilion County Tuberculosis Fund. Gladys Hackney spoke for Girls' Club party.
19—Glee Club rehearsal. Honor roll cards in. Every one coming home for the holidays.
20—Chairman of Doll Committee of Girls' Club meeting. Girls' Club meeting. Cards due.
21—First five periods this morning. Program at 2:30. Teachers all wished us a Merry Christmas.

JANUARY, 1921

3—Back to old grind. Wrangler caucus.
4—Tickets on sale for game. Medley meeting. Wrangler election.
5—Girls' Club meeting.
6—Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club caucus.
7—First basketball game with Decatur. Big pep program!
10—Wranglers meeting.
11—Junior pins here. It's about time.
12—Girls' Club meeting? Box? Autographs for Medley pictures finished today.
13—Wranglers program. Science Club election. Miss McClure is back. Glee Club rehearsal.
14—Game at West Lafayette.

17—Wranglers meeting. Seniors to hand in list of activities. Snapshot contest begun.
18—Meeting of Girls' Club Cabinet. Junior-Senior Social Committee meet.
19—
20—Girls' Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club meet. Cheers! M. & W.'s out.
21—Exams and rain!
22—More exams!
28—We meet our doom bravely.
31—New semester begins. Lots of Freshies.

FEBRUARY

1—School begins. New programs given out. Debate announced. Everybody trying to get their programs changed.
2—Girls' Club election. Reception for new girls.
3—Junior-Senior party Friday. Tickets on sale for Junior-Senior party. Science Club meeting. Glee Club practice.
4—Junior-Senior party postponed. Medley snapshot contest. Junior Pin Committee meeting. Two vacancies in Glee Club. Enrollment cards filled out.
7—Wranglers meet. Candidates for assistant editor of M. & W. Junior Pin Committee meeting. Teacher from Honolulu spoke.
8—Senior meeting. Tickets for debate on sale. Dates for spring vacation March 24-25. Mr. Baer announced banquet after debate.
9—Girls' Club meeting, 3:45. Credit given for membership in the band. Mr. Baer made announcements for spring athletics—tennis, baseball, track.
10—Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club meet. Two debating clubs spoke. Cheers!
11—
14—Wranglers meeting. Athedarian meeting. Celebration for debates. Teams and coaches spoke.
15—Meeting of basketball boys. Tickets on sale. Another program!. Mr. V. Schuette, of Leslie's Weekly, spoke. Fire drill. Nobody wanted to go back to school.
16—Girls' Club rehearsal. Sign up for Senior party by Friday afternoon.
17—Glee Club rehearsal. Science Club meet and field trip.
17—Science Club went to street railway and light company.
18—Big program! The play's the thing. Basketball game with West Lafayette. M. & W. material due. Seniors to sign up for party by tonight after school.
18—Program, "Teeth of the Gift Horse," given by Athedarians.
21—Wranglers meeting. Two basketball games Friday. Medley meeting. Tickets on sale for basketball game Friday. Basketball boys to report at Mr. Wakeley's room.
22—Washington's Birthday.
23—Girls' Club meeting.
24—Medley subscriptions taken. Program!
25—Another big program! Mr. Hieronymus, of U. of I., spoke. Tickets sold for carnival. Band played.
25—Hoopeston game.

MARCH

4—Decatur game.
10—District tournament at Urbana.
17—County tournament.
31—Declamation and Extemporaneous Speaking Contest.

APRIL

1—Band carnival.
4—Wranglers.
29—Wrangler party.

MAY

2—Miss Rankin, first woman in Congress, spoke.
7—Charleston meet.
26—Senior program.

JUNE

3—Junior-Senior banquet. Exams.
5—Baccalaureate services.
6—Exams.
7—Class Day.
8—Senior picnic.
9—Commencement.
10—School's over!

Can You Imagine——

Phil Soneson - - in vaudeville?
Mary Sebat - - quiet and listless?
Miss Payne - - baking biscuits?
Mr. Baer - - - with nothing to do?
John Hepburn - a minister?
Juanita Duff - - a wall flower?
John Corder - - home at nights?
Bernice Stone - failing to make the Honor Roll?
Murray Greenman dancing the minuet?
Don Castle - - afflicted with Cupid's disease?
Gene Darnall - - wearing peg top trousers?
St. Clair Jump - homely?
Russell Tilton - weighing eighty pounds?
Neva Gish - - - six feet tall?
Mr. Barton - - failing to please anybody?
Marie Lauer - - making a ukelele talk?
Bob Johnson - crying a sale?
Anne Funk - - a little child again?
Harold Atherton demonstrating vacuum cleaners?
Miss Smothers - without a desk bouquet?
George Symons - with black, curly hair?
Louize Chapman - prosecuting attorney?
Gene Freeman - bashful and shy?
Catharine Hecht - imitating Fanny Brice?
Paul Oelschlager - flipping trains?
Tom Dale - - - painting steeples?
Helen Belton - - speaking for woman's cause?
John Fendley - - superseding Max Blum?
Arthur Leisch - eating sauer kraut?
Miss Thies - - believing weather forecasts?
Arden Tillotson - in a full dress suit?
Madeline Anker - bluffing?
Addison Dale - - dodging bullets?
Miss Grassley - Mrs. Scout Executive?
Calvin Lauer - - dairyman in a chocolate shop?
Hazel Rickerd - all painted up?
Stewart Rouse - leading Maurice Watson by the hand?
Bill McDonald - acting little Lord Fauntleroy?
John Leverenz - - walking into Girls' Club meeting?
Margaret Seward shooting paper wads?
Lem Wyman - - working hard?

The Advertisers

made this Annual possible. Their ads begin on page one hundred twenty-eight

Patronize Them

JOKES

He: "Where you come from, are all the girls as pretty as you are?"
She: "I don't know; I only look at the boys."

Teacher: "As we walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"
Pupil: "Gloves."

Teacher: "What, Oscar, is the Ancient Order of the Bath?"
Oscar (puzzled): "I dunno. Johnny usually comes first, then Nellie, then the baby."

Dick Swallow: "I was up at the menagerie yesterday afternoon."
Ken Brown: "I was too."
Dick: "By gosh, I was lookin' for you; which cage were you in?"

Miss Payne: "What do you know today, Mart?"
Mart: "Nothing."
Miss Payne: "Haven't improved overnight, have you?"

She: "I'm surprised at you squandering so much money on victrola records."
He: "Well, money talks."

Miss Sandeson: "Irene, which would you rather be—poor, wretched, destitute or pinched?"
Irene S.: "I'd rather be pinched."

"Fairbanks" Hanson: "Ed, if two rabbits got into a fight, what would you do?"
Ed Long: "Take a comb and part the hares."

Mr. Dean: "Ferd, what did you do to prepare this lesson?"
Clifford: "Read it over."
Mr. Dean: "When?"
Clifford: "Last year."

Miss Love: "How can you find the density of a solid lighter than water?"
"Zickie": "Tie a doughnut to it."
Miss Love: "A what?"
"Zicky": "Er—I mean a sinker."

Ho: "What did the lady do when you asked her for an old collar?"
Bo: "She gave me a turndown."

Mother: "Where are you going, Willie?"
Kid: "Fishin'."
Ma: "Want to take something with you to eat?"
Kid: "Naw—ain't I got grub worms!"

The Cars They Use

Fulton—A White Steamer.
Bryan—A Pierless.
Rogers & Clark—A Columbia.
Galileo—A Moon.
Lawyer—A Case.
Uncle Sam—A National.

"I'm up against it," said the wall paper.
"Hard luck," said the horseshoe over the door.
"Cut it out," said the scissors.
"Well, I've been walked on lately, too," remarked the carpet.
"Needn't," said the home-brew "I haven't any kick."
"Aw, shut up," said the window shutters.
"Go way back and sit down," cried the chair.
Whereupon the gas became very angry, and after flaring up, got hot under the covers, and, saying that he refused to throw any light on the subject, went out.

H. Newman (after Mr. Meltzner had assigned the Commercial Law lesson): "Shall we write these out orally, Mr. Meltzner?"

Betty MacLean—(continued from page eighty)

By this time, the first person who had attacked Betty had regained consciousness. He came staggering into the house. Things were quieted down and Betty thought that soon some light would be cast upon the affair, when suddenly she heard voices without. At last! At last, help was coming! But no—they were all so boisterous and jolly. They were laughing over something. What was it?

Finally the door burst open and three rough-looking men, in hilarious spirit, entered. When Betty saw them, she shrank back in fear. Oh! What did it all mean? If she could only do something! But what could she, a mere mouse, do in the midst of so many lions?

"Has Mr. Horace Hilbert Sheldon arrived yet?" asked one of them in a mocking tone. The fact is, Mr. Sheldon had been forgotten about until that instant. His injury had not been as serious as Betty had feared. After several moments of unconsciousness he arose, staggered to his feet and disappeared into another room, mainly to nurse his wounded pride.

Betty was sitting in a chair with her face toward the fireplace. The men had not noticed her until one of them advanced to the grate to warm his hands. He looked at Betty in amazement; then, in a sarcastic and questioning tone, said, "Well, well if here isn't the young lady! Where is Sheldon?" At that moment Sheldon appeared and everything was explained. Things happened almost exactly according to schedule. Now, they were awaiting the outcome.

The six men were sitting around the room talking when suddenly one of them burst forth in a laughing tone, "Why, Shelly, where's Tom your chiffonier?Did you fire him?"

Before Sheldon had time to answer, a shuffling of feet was heard on the porch. The door was opened and Shelley's so-called 'chiffonier" entered. After much jest and merriment, he asked where the young lady was.

Betty was still sitting breathless in her chair before the fire, listening to the outcome of the wreck. The chauffeur came over to the fireplace to look at her. Immediately a pair of gray-blue eyes bent their gaze on him. The man stood speechless. Those eyes—those troubled eyes! Where had he seen them before? He observed an appealing expression in them, while Betty saw in his a tender look of kindness. Tom, with feverish brain, began to ponder where he had seen them before; but, upon hearing his name mentioned by one of the men, he turned around, forgetting for an instant those expressive windows of Betty's soul.

That night Tristy, as his companions began to call him again, passed in troubled and nervous thinking. "Could she be—but no, she couldn't possibly. Still—" he pondered. "But yet—Oh! If he could only speak to her alone!"

Fortune favored him at daybreak. All of them, including the old woman, had departed at five o'clock to undertake another job. Tristy was to be left alone to guard Betty. What luck! Indeed the men had not noticed the looks which had passed between the two last night, or Tristy would not have been left alone.

Now was his chance. Betty had sat all night on a chair in a far-away corner. She still had on her coat, and on the floor near a chair lay her hat. She would neither eat nor sleep; but kept thinking, trying to devise a plan of escape. At last Tristy came up

to her and said, with a kindly smile in his eyes, "Who are you, little girl? Tell me about yourself."

Betty saw the tender look in his face, and, tears coming to her eyes, she said in a pleading tone, "Oh, sir, please let me go, won't you? No one will find it out, and I will reward you generously. Please, I beseech you, let me go."

Tristy told her to suppress her fears. Then, regarding her countenance more closely, he calmly said, almost aloud, "All but the eyes—how well I remember—yes, how well I remember that face! But the dear saint, she would not believe me."

Then going up to her, he said, his face covered with sorrow, and almost begging, "Betty, Betty, for you are my own child, tell me where is your mother? Why did she let MacLean adopt you? Could not she afford to give you the things in life that she desired you to have?"

Betty was puzzled. What did he mean? She did not know that man. The melancholy light which flashed from his eyes seemed to frighten her. She jumped from her chair and ran to the other side of the room. Tom, on the opposite side, turned toward her. He regarded her long and intently; then, dropping himself on the floor against the wall, a look of despair on his face, he muttered, "Oh, the child would never believe me anyway."

After an interval of some minutes, Betty came over and roused him from the feverish stupor into which he had fallen. Then, dropping on her knees, she begged him to take her home to her mother. Tristy looked up at her, then readily assented.

Exactly half an hour had passed when Betty and Tristy were standing at the door of the MacLean residence. After several rings, a maid answered. Betty greeted her slightly, then asked for her father.

Mr. MacLean came immediately. Upon entering the room and perceiving Betty and Tristy, he stopped, stood erect, and in a hard, cold voice exclaimed, "Reginald Colbaine—you?"

"Yes, Dick MacLean; it is I."

"But—I thought you were dead."

"Well, I was half dead; but somehow or other, contrary to my will, I recovered."

"Huh! So you *did* try to get Betty, did you? But I suppose the little conscience you have left wouldn't let you keep her."

"Sir, although I didn't know it was Betty whom I was to get at the time, I couldn't go on with the work after I *did* find out it was she."

"Reginald Colbaine," said Mr. MacLean, in a threatening but calm voice, "you have killed two persons, and if——"

"Stop, stop! I say. Don't ever say "kill" again! I *did not* kill Phyllis Auburn's father. I——"

"But you——"

"Sir," interrupted Reginald Colbaine, coolly, "I have proof that I did not. You remember Phyllis' brother, Paul? It was he who killed her father. He is now lying in a cave only thirty miles from here, dying from a mortal wound which he received in a fight. Two days ago he confessed everything to the authorities."

Then, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket, he continued, "Here is a piece of paper written and signed by Paul Auburn, in the presence of three witnesses, that it was not

I, but himself, who killed Elmo Auburn, in order that he might get some of the money which his father had hid in a secret vault in the house."

"Oh! Oh!" he replied, his face covered with agony, "I did it merely to save her brother whom she loved so much and thought so wonderful. I thought after everything had quieted down I would tell her all—we could go on as before; but—where is my wife, Dick? Where is Phyllis?"

"Reggie, old man," he said, "I see it all now. I do remember that Paul Auburn was a sneak and often did little underhand tricks. Yes, I see it all. Paul Auburn had gotten into serious trouble and killed his father in order to get the money to get out of it. When you, having just quarreled with the elder Auburn, were blamed for it."

"Yes," replied Reggie, "I needed money, too, but the old man would not give it to me. He told me that if I could afford to steal Phyllis, I could find means of keeping her. Paul saw his chance. I willingly, at first, consented to take the blame for the murder, because I knew the family would have nothing done to me, and anyway Paul had great influence with his two sisters and brother and he would save me. He would say it was an accident, or in a quarrel with me, the old man lost his temper and instead of shooting at me, in his rage, shot himself."

"But Reg, why did you try to lie out of it afterwards?"

"Well, I saw how Phyllis took it. It broke her heart. I told her all about it, but she would not believe me. But, Dick, tell me where is my Phyllis? Many were the times I started to come back to her; but when she said, 'Go! Never let me see those bloody hands again! You have killed my father, and by that have wounded me!' I saw I was alone. That started me on my downward path, and I did not wish to have the will power to resist it. I loved my Phyllis, but she would not—she *would not*—believe me."

Mr. MacLean's hard, cold look had changed instantly into one of pity and sorrow; into a desire to help those who had fallen; and he answered calmly, "Reggie, Phyllis is dead. She died from grief. She still loved you, and that made it worse. It was great sorrow, and you know great sorrow tries one even more than great pain."

"Dead! Oh, God! Will she never know that it was not I who killed her dear father?" he muttered.

Then, throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and, contrary to most men, began softly to weep. His very soul was wreathed in agony. "Oh, no, my Phyllis isn't dead," he kept saying in pitiful tones.

Dead silence prevailed for several moments. Then Mr. MacLean went over to where Betty was standing, awe-struck and trembling, laid his hand on her shoulder and said, "Betty, my dear, this man is your father. Be good to him, my child. He is broken down in health and spirit. Cheer him up. He has suffered much and it is taking his strength. Speak to him." With that, Mr. MacLean left the room.

Betty was still more astounded and stood standing as if rooted to the spot. She looked after Mr. MacLean passing through the door, then at her new-found father. What did it all mean? Then, passing her hand over forehead, it seemed to suddenly dawn upon her.

She went over to Reginald Colbaine, knelt down in front of him and put her arm around his neck. He did not seem to note that any one was near. Finally Betty slightly raised his head, kissed his forehead, then said to him, "Father, do not grieve so. Although

mother is dead, you still have me. Come, we shall start life anew and shall be so happy together."

Betty's words seemed to be the right food for his spirit. The face, so old-looking and so full of sadness, began to light up and grow young again. However, he still retained the far-away and melancholy look in his eyes. He put his arm around Betty and calmly said to her, "Betty, my child, except for the eyes you are the living image of your mother. Poor Phyllis!" he muttered, as if soliloquizing. "She could not reason. She would not believe." Then, looking at her, he continued, "Oh! Betty, my child, I have lived almost my entire life on lies, and it all came about on account of one. Before that your mother and I seemed as two souls with a single thought—that was to make each other happy. That lie, which I told for something I did not do, started me on a road to 'God knows where.' It seemed that I did not have the power and courage to strive to resist the rut in which I was stuck. I have been during my last twenty-three years a rich man, a thief and a poor man. I have lied to all three kinds of people. Each though I was a man of his class. But they did not know. When I received a large sum of money from some robbery, I became a rich man, dressed as one and traveled as one. But when it was all gone I was poor again and became a member of that low profession—theft.

"Betty, I have learned a lesson and it has taken me twenty-three years to learn it. I have been taught never to tell a lie, because there is a judgment day, and we will have to answer for it then. When I told a lie to save Paul Auburn, I thought I was doing a heroic deed; but instead I have, by my unworthiness, helped to kill my wife—your mother.

"But in you, Betty, I still have my wife, and we shall live together and be happy. I will try to give you the things in life which I should have given you while your mother lived, Betty. As Dick MacLean said, I am broken down in spirit, but I know you will help me to recover."

Reggie had finished and just then some one appeared in the doorway. Betty looked up. It was Jack. He had his left arm in a sling. It seemed to Betty that everything was happening all at once. She rose to her feet and greeted Jack calmly. Then, taking his right hand, led him over to her father and said, "Jack, I want you to meet my father whom I have just found."

Jack shook hands with Colbaine, and Betty continued, "You see, father, Jack was in the wreck last night, and that's where I was supposed to be going."

"Yes I know, but I did not know that Jack was on that train. I see now why those men wanted to wreck it," he replied, absent-mindedly.

"Yes, they wrecked it all right, but as fortune favored us, there were only three of the twelve coaches derailed. Several persons suffered from injury, but no one was killed."

"Sir, they set out for Burton this morning to rob a bank," said Reggie, growing interested.

"Yes, I know they set out; but they didn't get very far. They were caught this morning about six o'clock. They will be dealt with according to their merits, which certainly isn't saying very much. I'll wager, by ten o'clock tomorrow the six of them will be riding on a train destined for some prison cell."

And so they were.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Three months had passed since Betty and her father had found each other. They were both very happy in a home of their own. Through the aid of Mr. MacLean, Betty's father had obtained a position as manager of a large factory. We must remember that Reginald Colbaine was not ignorant, as the ordinary bandit or crook of whom we read. He was well educated, and during his twenty-three years of "life as a rich man, thief and bandit," he had continued to read and seek more knowledge. His speech was well polished and his manner and countenance were agreeable.

It was on a beautiful evening in May that Betty entertained a few friends at dinner. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. MacLean and Jack. Mr. Colbaine and Mr. MacLean left immediately after dinner to attend a meeting. At nine o'clock the guests began leaving. In fifteen minutes all have departed except Jack. Then Betty and Jack resumed their seat on the divan and Jack passed his arm around Betty's shoulder. Their conversation concerned the events of the last three months when finally it drifted to the future.

"Yes, Betty dear," Jack was saying, "it's all very dreadful, and yet wonderful, how it happened."

"But Jack, just think if it had not happened, I would never really and truly have known my dear father."

"Yes, I know, Betty MacLean, but don't you remember——"

"Yes, Jack MacLean," she interrupted, with a playful twinkle in her eyes. "but don't you forget my name is Betty Colbaine now." "Oh! Indeed! So it is. I had forgotten. But not for long because——" With that, he stopped, put two fingers in his vest pocket, pulled out a sparkling something and slipped it on the third finger of Betty's right hand.

Valentines a la 1921

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
But they're both too expensive
For me to give you.

A barrister not so discreet as he might have been in the expression of his ideas, was engaged on a case concerning some pigs. "Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "there were twenty-four pigs in the drove, just twenty-four—exactly twice as many as there are in that jury box."

Dice: "Say, Zicky, I want a match."

"Zicky" ("hard" this morning): "I'm your match. Strike me and see where you light."

Dice: "Now, Zicky, I want a match with a head on it."

Mr. Baer (at Sunday school): "Gene, what lesson do we learn from Jonah and the whale?"

Pete: "It's hard to keep a good man down."

Mary had a little lamb—
This you've heard before;—
But Mary passed her plate back up
And had a little more.

Miss Sandeson: "We wonder if sixty minute men make "One Man of the Hour?"

Clifford: "Do you like cod fish balls?"

Raimer: "I never attended any."

Nelson: "Jess, do you ever go hunting?"

Jess B.: "No."

Alva K.: "Well, you don't know what you've missed."

Mr. Smith: "Ferris, define vacuum."

Ferris: "I can't think of it for the moment, but I've got it in my head."

Here's a tip, Mr. Dean—a hair on the head is worth two in the brush.

Mr. Barton: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Johnny Hawes: "A Chinaman with whiskers."

Archie: "Say, Scoles, can a football?"

Scoles: "No, but pigs-kin."

Joke Editor: "Why don't you laugh at these jokes?"

Soph: "I was brought up to *respect* old age."

Doctor: "I don't like your heart action (applies the stethoscope). You've had trouble with angina pectoris."

Thompson: "You're right, Doctor, only that ain't her name."

Neighbor: "How do you tell your daughters apart?"

Mr. Esslinger: "I stick my finger in Lorene's mouth and if she bites I know it's Lorene."

Editor: "Man is but clay after all."

C. Gelwick: "Yes, sometimes he's a brick; quite often, too, we call him half baked; but how frequently his name is mud."

Abe Martin: "It ain't always the stationery books that gets the bats in the ball."

Extra

As we go to press, we notice that Frank Carson has just received his semi-annual haircut.

Little dabs of vaseline,
Rubbed in here and there,
Make a pretty pompadour
For the front of Vic Watts' hair.

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

I rose with great alacrity
And offered her my seat—
'Twas a question of whether she or I
Stood upon my feet.

It was in a Latin class and Archie was wrestling with the sentence, "Rex fugit," which with a painful slowness and emphasis he had rendered, "The king flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb 'fugit' be found?" asked Miss Roach.

A long scratching of the head and a final answer of "Perfect," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it then?"

"Dunno."

"Why, put a 'has' to it."

Again the tardy emphasis drawled out, "The king has flees."

Miss Witherspoon: "Can you give me an example of Greek architecture in Danville?"

Johnny Seymour: "Sanichas."

Miss Payne: "Frank, read your X's."

Frank reads.

"Your Y's."

Frank: "I know it, ma'am."

Miss Grassley: "What words are derived from bonus?"

V. Brady: "Dollars."

Irritable Schoolmaster: "Now then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"

Dull Boy: "A mouse, sir."

Mr. Smith: "When rain falls, does it ever rise again?"

Marian Lee: "Yes, sir."

Mr. S.: "When?"

M. Lee: "Why in dew time—"

Mr. S.: "That will do, Marian; you can sit down."

"Bob" Olmsted: "Say, Newt, I got a victrola."

"Newt": "Well, that's a good sound investment."

Anne: "Lucile, what is a hypocrite?"

Lucile: "Emma going to Commercial Law with a smile on her face."

John Kieran (reading Virgil): "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—that's as far as I got, Miss Grassley."

Miss Grassley: "Well John, I think that was quite far enough."

A freshman hesitates on the word "connoisseur."

Prof.: "What would you call a man that pretended to know everything?"

Freshie: "A professor."

Miss Witherspoon: "The Greeks were justly proud of their domes."

"Fat" Walton: "My gal says I'm worth my weight in gold."

Joe Watt: "There ain't that much money in the world, boy."

In the assembly corner stands
One known all over the land;
Maybe you do not understand—
It is our Abraham.

"Your eyes are like the deep blue sea."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Yes, they're watering."

Miss Sandeson: "Louize, what is the shape of the world?"

"Chapie": "Round."

Miss S.: "How do you know it's round?"

"Chapie": "All right; it's square then. I don't want to start an argument."

Miss Sutton: "Give principal parts of the word 'examine'."

Lowell Bushnell: "Exam, Thindere, Buoato, Ouitum."

The Truth

Fred Fowler: "Is anybody taking you out to dinner tonight?"

Mary Kitchen: "No."

Fred: "You'll be awful hungry tomorrow."

M. McCarty: "Do you know the latest way to dress the hair?"

H. Sloan: "No, I haven't heard."

McCarty: "A la divorce."

Sloan: "Heavens! How's that?"

McCarty: "Parted."

Catharine Hecht (in oral theme): "All our soldiers were equipped with tin cups of aluminum."

I was sitting in a grocery store
When a fly flew in through the door,
It lit on the butter, it lit on the cheese,
And if I hadn't run,
It would have lit on me.

Prizes Offered for the Best Mental Picture of

"Lib" Huber—without her makeup.
Martha Ann—without her curls.
Wilbur and Ginger—separated for an hour.
Sam Kiningham—without an answer to somebody's argument.
Bill Christy—tipping scales at 200.
Mr. Roggy—taking fancy dancing lessons.
Miss Sullivan—with blonde hair and red cheeks.
Phil Soneson—in a dress suit.
John Seymour—six feet tall.

Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bed;
If I should die before I wake,
How will I know I'm dead?

An old maid is a maid that has been made for a long time. Get us?

Pete Darnall (sarcastically): "Miss Hawkins, don't you keep a yardstick around here sometimes?"

Miss Hawkins: "Oh, as a rule."

Tell me, dearie,
Tell me, please—
Is Champaign a town,
Or is it a disease?

People remind me of flowers:
Little boys—Johnny Jump ups.
Girls—Daisies.
Old maids—Century Plants.

Willie Rose
Sat on a pin—
Willie rose.

Ho: "Did you hear me sing? What do you think of my execution?"

Bo: "I'm in favor of it."

Ho: "Would you like to hear me sing some more?"

Bo: "Sure, go ahead and sing, I'll help you out—when you get through."

Bright?

Alex Anderson: "I saw a Billy goat today without any nose.

"Red" Dunning: "How did it smell?"

Alex: "Rotten."

A Chink by the name of Ching Ching
Fell off a street car—bing bing.
The con turned his head,
To the passengers said,
"The car's lost a washer."—ding ding.

Small Girl: "Why don't baby talk, daddy?"

Father: "He can't talk yet, dear; young babies never do."

S. G.: "O, yes they do; Job did. Nurse read me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born."

G. Symons: "Let's get up a picnic and go up the river."

Irene: "Aw, I'm too tired. Let's soak a few sandwiches in lemonade and eat 'em on the kitchen floor."

The Evolution of the Senior

Freshie: "I didn't hear the question."
Soph: "I didn't get the question."
Junior: "What?"
Senior: "Huh?"

Ain't that a Fact!

When it comes to writing jokes,
It's not all one great, great hoax—
Some so fine they can't be seen—
Good ones few and far between.

Ferd Clifford has decided to become a line man for a wireless telegraph company.

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear.

The center sat upon his legs,
Two sat upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.

The left guard sat upon his head,
A tackle on his face,
The coroner was next called in
To sit upon the case.

Ho-hum! Virgil's dead,
Washington's dead, and
I don't feel very good.

A Couple Little Ditties

I'm from Texas, young man, and you can't steer me.

Why go to church when O'Sullivan will save your soles?

Mr. Smith: Symons, formula for calcuim chloride."

Symons: "Ca Cl."

Mr. Smith: "Wrong. Robinson, what is it?"

Robinson: "I'd say, Ca Cl too."

Mr. Smith: "Correct, sit down."

Ad Dale: "Red Shepherd stole my canoe this morning and I haven't seen him since."

Cal Lauer: "Girl with him?"

Ad: "Yes."

Cal: "That's all right, then. Thought maybe the canoe turned over or something."

Joke Editor

Roses are red, violets are blue—
Where you see three balls,
You'll find my overcoat, too.

There was an old man and he had a wooden leg,
By the name of Pat McFarland;
He was shot three times in the ankle bone
And once in the Philippine Islands.

Mary had a little shoe,
No bigger than a minute,
And spite of all that she could do,
Her foot would not go in it.

Two of the male members of the faculty were talking one morning and one of them seemed rather blue. "Cheer up, old fellow!" exclaimed one of them. "What's worrying you, anyhow?"

"My wife and I had an argument the other day," said the other, "and something I said offended her so much that she hasn't spoken to me since."

"I say," said the first, "would you mind telling me what you said?"

Opportunity calls, but it is no alarm clock.

Her: "I was never so mad in my life. I stood right under the mistletoe and——"

Her friend: "Didn't you know it?"

Her: "Certainly I did, but Charley didn't."

She gave me a coat with collar of fur,
A shaving mug and a beautiful vest;
And other things, too, I received from her,
But she never gives me a rest.

No Sport

She sat beneath the mistletoe
Without the slightest fear,
She knew he lingered near,
She sat there unafraid,
And sleepily they yawned, for they'd
Been married now a year.

"And now," said Miss Miller, "we come to the sensory nerve. Can any one tell me about the sensory nerve?"

"I can," cried the student, waking up. "I work on the Medley staff."

Mary: "Are you going skating tonight?"

Marie: "Guess not—my skate's broke."

Mary: "Well, can't he borrow the price of one of his friends?"

"Witch hazel, sir?" asked the barber of the person beneath the towels.

"Please, and a chaser."

"Yes, I was a freshman, too. Some of the happiest years of my life I spent as a freshman."

Could Not Run Fast Enough

General Von Hindenburg, in the midst of a great battle, saw a man running from a very close situation.

"What are you running for?" demanded the disgusted general.

"Gott in Himmel!" roared the Dutch soldier. "Because I can't fly."

No Sympathy

Mart Hepburn: "Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

Mr. Ryan: "Well, don't come to me for sympathy. You might know that something would happen to you, hangin' around here five nights a week."

He: "There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—like a cart going over a cobblestone street."

She: "It's probably that truck you ate."

Mrs. Patrick: "Just think, my dear, I got a porterhouse steak today!"

Mr. Patrick: "My dear, where did you get it?"

Mrs. Patrick: "From the installment butcher—one dollar down and one dollar a week."

"What animal makes the nearest approach to man?"

Alva Nelson: "The cooties."

Sam Kinningham: "Yes, this time two years ago I was a mental wreck. What do you suppose brought about this big change in me?"

Cal Lauer: "What change?"

Courteous Through Exigency

Mike, in the trenches, bowed his head to a cannon ball which whizzed past, six inches above his dome.

"Faith!" said Pat, "one never loses anything by politeness."

Ginger Sheets: "What is the correct translation of the motto of that lovely ring you gave me?"

Wilbur Dice: "Faithful to the last."

Ginger: "Last? How horrid! And you always told me that I was the very first."

Dog Couldn't Read

Mel Hall: "I lost my dog, Les. What am I going to do?"

Les Son: "Why don't you advertise for him?"

Mel: "But my dog can't read advertisements."

An Irishman and an Englishman were waiting for a train, and to pass the time away the Irishman said,

"I will ask you a question, and if I can't answer my own question I will buy the tickets. Then you do the same and if you can not answer your own question you buy the tickets." They agreed.

"Well," said the Irishman, "you see those prairie dog holes out there—how do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around them?"

Englishman: "I don't know. That's your question—answer it yourself."

Irishman: "They begin at the bottom and dig up."

Englishman: "But how in the devil do they get at the bottom?"

Irishman: "That's your question—answer it yourself."

The Englishman bought the tickets.

Teacher: "I hear an alarm clock in the room. Who has it?"

Pupil: "Oh, that's my dollar watch."

After the game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
And help me find my ear.

We find that Shakespeare has solved the high school course as follows:

First year—"A Comedy of Errors."

Second Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Fourth year—"All's Well that Ends Well."

Did Not Own the Ship

Captain: "All is lost! We can not save the ship!"

Moses: "Do you hear what he says, Ikey? The ship is going to sink!"

Ikey: "Vell, let it sink! Vat do ve care? Ve don't own it."

Gazing at a group of nine children, an old lady called one of the little girls.

"Are all of those children your sisters and brothers?"

"Yes, mum," replied the girl.

"What is the largest one named?"

"Maxie, mum."

"And what do you call the smaller?"

"Minnie, mum."

"Who told you to put that paper on the wall?" roared the head of the house.

"Your wife, sir," said the decorator.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said the husband, meekly.

"Christine," said the teacher, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," answered Chris Bailey, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other word."

"Man arrested for looking for carfare!"—Headline.

No wonder—looking in another man's pocket.

"Who can mention a thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago?"

Madison Geddes: "Me."

"See here, waiter, I found a button in the salad."

"Well, sir, that's part of the dressing."

"So you graduated from a barbers' college? And what is your college yell?"

"Cut his lip—cut his jaw—leave his face—Rah! Rah! Rah!

He gripped the wheel and they sped away,
Regardless of traffic laws,
The reckless pace caused the car to sway,
But she couldn't fall out because——

Lady and Gentleman

A smartly dressed woman was sitting in an omnibus when a quiet-looking young man, in getting in, accidentally trod on her dress.

She displayed her oratorical prowess for fully ten minutes and came to a close by saying, "A gentleman would have apologized."

The young man bowed and calmly said, "A lady would have given me a chance."

He put his arm about her waist,
And all the color left her cheek;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It remained for about a week.

Minnie Simcox: "Did Chuck go in a tuxedo last night?"

"Lib" Huber: "No, it was rather nice out, so we walked."

First Sophomore: "I got zero in that geometry test."

Second Sophomore: "Huh—that's nothing."

First Sophomore: "What's nothing?"

Second Sophomore: "Zero."

Latin Lore

Lines of Caesar oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime—
Just by asking silly questions,
Take up all the teacher's time.

A Freshman's Complaint

Failed in Latin, flunked in math;
They heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to find the guy who said,
That ignorance is bliss."

"May I print a kiss?" he said;
She nodded her kind permission—
So they went to press, and I rather guess,
They printed a whole edition.

Tell me not in joyful numbers,
Medley life is all it seems;
But when it comes to doing business,
Then it isn't all a dream.

Charles Brown Composing Poetry

Charles Brown is my name,
And single is my station.
God pity the woman
That gets me or any of my relation!

Miss Sidell: "Catharine, what is a synonym?"

Catharine Hecht: "A synonym is a word that stands for another."

Miss S.: "Is there a word that stands for another in this sentence: 'Mary milked the cow'?"

C. H.: "Yes."

Miss S.: "What is it?"

C. H.: "Mary and cow."

Miss S.: "Why?"

"C. H.: "Because the cow stands for Mary."

Little deeds of kindness
To your teachers now and then
Will often raise your standing
From zero up to ten.

"Lib" Huber: "Gee, Dot. I'm so tired I can hardly stand on my feet. I'm ready to drop."

"Dot" Bredehoft: "Are you going to the dance tonight?"

"Lib": "Dance tonight! I'll say I am!"

Is Latin a dead language? Read!
"Tango, Tangere, Turki Trotum.".

A Card Game

The young man played for a heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came down with a club
And the sexton used a spade.

As Joshua translates the automobile terms:

Joy ride—Honeymoon.

Too much play at the wheel—Dead broke at Monte Carlo.

Fillin' the cooler—Runnin' in the crooks.

Shock absorber—A book in Willie's trousers.

Buyin' gas—Paying in your lawyer.

Foot brake—Stepping on her papa's toe.

Putting up the top—Pawning your sik hat.

A blow out—Suffragette released from prison.

Wind shield—A gag for senators.

Feed pipe—Giraffe's neck.

Mufflers cut out—All ready to sew.

The cooler fans—The rooter who sits in the shade.

Left-hand drive—Left punch to the jaw.

Crank up—Anarchist hanged.

Testing the sparker—Standing under the mistletoe.

Trouble with ignition—Bridget drops a lighted match in the coal oil can.

Safety tread—Entering home at 2:00 a. m. in stocking feet.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to Dust—
If the kids won't take 'em out,
Father must.

The Younger Generation

The old-time rube who was given to blowing the gas out now has a son who steps on it.

Sonny Finkelstein: "Fadder, vas your beeples vell-to-do?"

Fadder Finkelstein: "Nein, son, dey vas hard to do."

'Twas on a Saturday Night

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '76."

Teacher: "Define nothing."

Hannah H.: "Nothing is a bung hole without any barrel around it."

Wanted it to Go

"This is my car," roared the irate tourist to the garage man, "and what I say about it goes, see!"

"Just then a dirty-faced machinist crawled out from under the dead machine and said pleadingly, "Say 'engine,' please."

"Don't you just love winter?"

"Yes, very much, in summer."

"I hope that you are enjoying the winter sports, my dear."

"Oh moderately, I am engaged to three of them."

Two intoxicated men were riding in the train one day, both of them sleeping. One of them suddenly woke up and said to the other one, "Bill, Bill, what time ish it?" Bill dozingly pulled out his match box and looked at it intently. "Thursday, Hank, Thursday." "Oh my goodness, Bill, I must get off here!" cried the first one.

"Good gracious, Mandy!" exclaimed Josiah, as they approached the church door. "We can't get married here. See that notice on that tree by the door?" And Amanda slowly spelled out the notice—"D-o-N-o-t-H-i-t-c-h-H-e-r-e."

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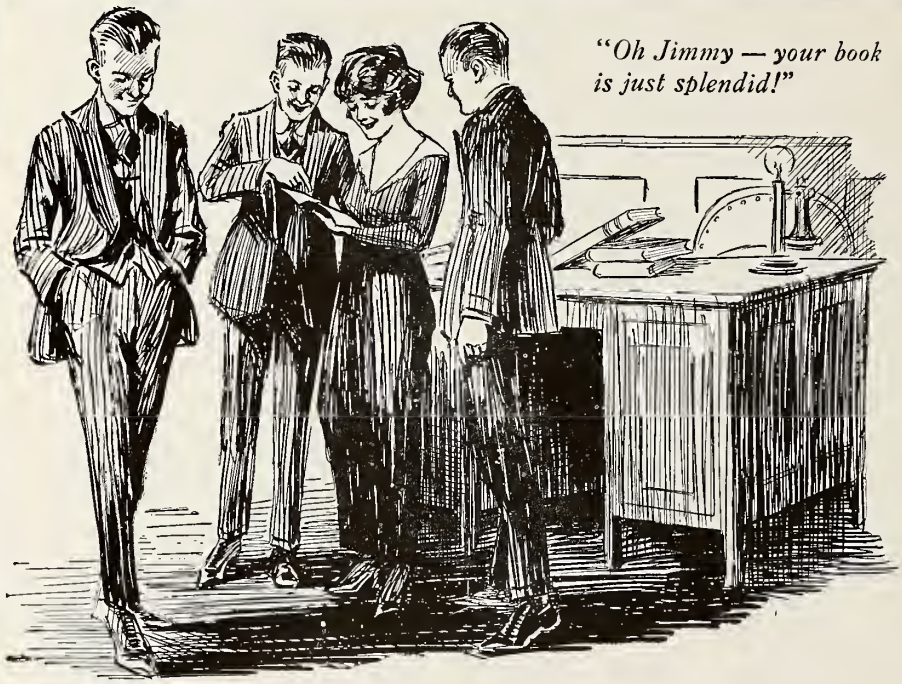

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